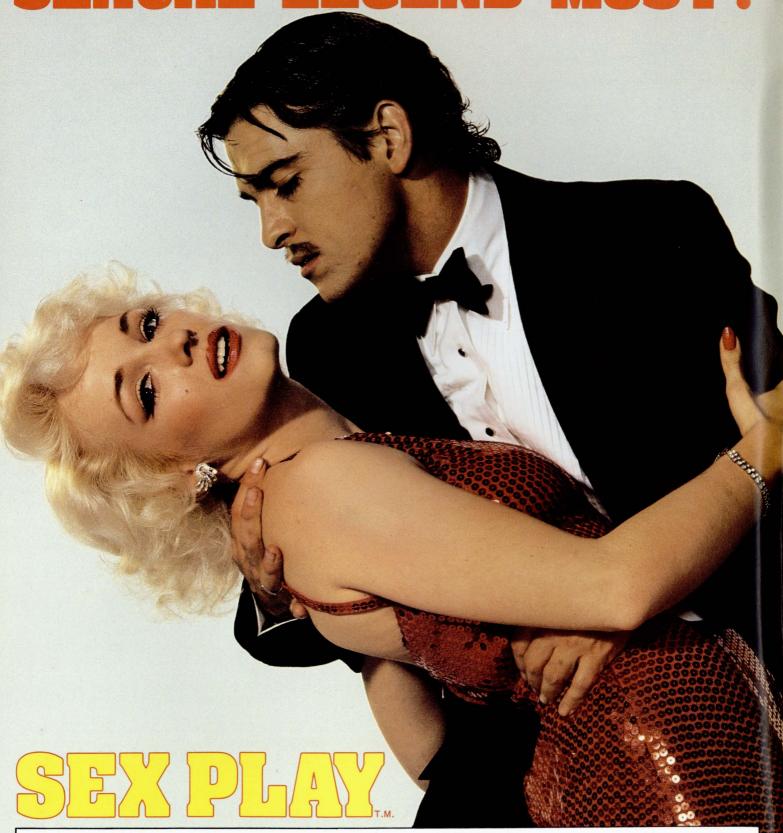
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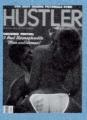




























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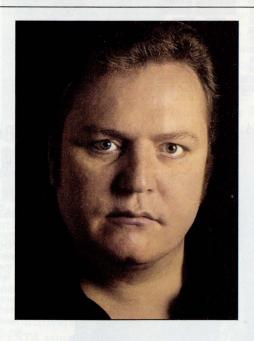


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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



It's Time To Talk

may not be one of those highly paid military planners who sit around the Pentagon. But it doesn't take someone with stars on his shoulder or hash marks on his sleeve to realize that Israel and Syria are heading for war. The results would be devastating. And anybody who thinks that a conflict 5,000 miles away has nothing to do with life here in the United States should think again.

Here's why: Syria is an Arab nation whose armed forces are equipped by the Soviet Union. Israel, of course, is a Jewish state that the United States is committed to support. So not only would this war be another bitter Arab/Jewish confrontation, but it could escalate into a confrontation between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

I don't think Israel can defeat the Russian-fed Syrians in a conventional war. But remember one thing: Israel has the Bomb. And don't forget: The Jewish people have suffered so many defeats over the centuries that they're not willing to lie down for another one. It's certainly a strong possibility that they'd use the Bomb—even directly against Moscow. Let's face it: The Israelis are fiercely independent. Although the United States gives that nation technological know-how and military aid, Israel often behaves like an unruly child. It will do everything possible to come out of this war as the top power in the entire Middle East.

Any way you look at it, no American can afford to ig-

nore the situation simply because it's on another continent (Germany and Japan, you'll remember, seemed pretty far away before World War II). I'm convinced that the only way to avoid a worldwide disaster is for the United States and the Soviet Union to engage in a positive dialogue.

You know I have no tolerance for the repression that the Soviet Communists inflict on the Russian people. But the time has come for Yuri Andropov—the Soviet leader—and President Reagan to forget their basic differences and get together at the conference table. The Mideast is a powder keg that's going to explode. It's absolutely inexcusable that the two people on earth who have the power to prevent such a catastrophe aren't even speaking to one another.

Talking to the Russians is not a sign of weakness. It doesn't mean we endorse their totalitarian system. It means only that both countries are recognizing their responsibility to act when the future of our planet is at stake. The time is getting short for all of us.

Lany Thyst
Publisher

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ur society is full of people who march to some dangerously different drummers. And because HUSTLER is committed to everybody's free speech, we often present their outrageous views on these pages. Our intention is not to endorse these radical thinkers but to give you the opportunity to hear their ideas firsthand . . . and then draw your own conclusions.

That's the spirit in which we offer this month's thought-pro- Ben Pesta voking interview with a representative of an organization that seeks the legalization of sex with children. TIM O'HARA speaks for the Rene Guyon Society—an extreme group of sexually perverted citizens who boast the motto "Sex by eight or else it's too late." Although our journalist has been face-to-face with more controversial figures in his 15-year career, BEN PESTA consid-

ers this conversation one of his most "unnerving." "I can see why HUSTLER asked me to do this interview," Pesta muses. "I don't have any kids!" The former Editorial Director of our sister publication CHIC, Pesta has written for a variety of magazines, including Esquire, Cosmopolitan, Gallery and New West (now California).

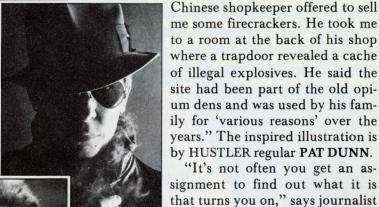
Difficult as Pesta's assignment may seem, HUSTLER Managing Editor GLENN HUNTER had an even more challenging task in re- Glenn Hunter

porting this month's article CONDEMNED TO DIE: THE HELL OF DEATH ROW. When the warden at California's San Quentin State Prison refused to allow Hunter inside the walls to talk with inmates on Death Row, Hunter had to roll up his sleeves and fight City Hall. After several months spent hassling with a succession of law-

yers and bureaucrats, he was finally granted permission to enter San Quentin by the director of the state department of corrections. It was a long, arduous effort, but the result was well worth the time and trouble. An award-winning sportswriter in Santa Fe, New Mexico, before joining the HUSTLER staff, Hunter is no stranger to behind-thescenes investigation. That was evident in his June 1982 interview, Jew vs. Nazi: A Face-to-Face Debate, for which Hunter had to







me some firecrackers. He took me

to a room at the back of his shop where a trapdoor revealed a cache of illegal explosives. He said the site had been part of the old opium dens and was used by his fam-

ily for 'various reasons' over the years." The inspired illustration is by HUSTLER regular PAT DUNN.

"It's not often you get an assignment to find out what it is that turns you on," says journalist J. A. Warren and teacher LEONARD SELL-

ERS. "Sex, drugs and the arcane recesses of the brain make for an interesting combination—and that's a story I'm willing to pursue anytime!" Needless to say, Sellers was more than happy to research and compose this month's Sex Play, CHEMISTRY OF LOVE, and answer the question: "Is there more to love than wine and red roses?" A professor of journalism at San Fran-

track down two paranoid and fanatical leaders.

feast on J. A. WARREN's mesmerizing fiction

about an "underground" organization caught up in the buying and selling of female slaves. In THE

PIT, Warren weaves a sleazy tale of police corrup-

tion, murder and perversion. A 28-year-old free-

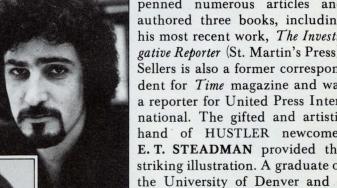
lance writer from San Francisco, Warren is a former longshoreman who once "worked the docks

from Alaska to Honolulu." Warren recalls, "The

idea for the story was born when a wizened old

If you have a taste for the bizarre, prepare to

cisco State University, Sellers has penned numerous articles and authored three books, including his most recent work, The Investigative Reporter (St. Martin's Press). Sellers is also a former correspondent for Time magazine and was a reporter for United Press International. The gifted and artistic hand of HUSTLER newcomer E. T. STEADMAN provided the striking illustration. A graduate of the University of Denver and a Leonard Sellers student at New York's Parson's



School of Design, Steadman has had his artwork published in a number of science-fiction magazines, including Analog and Issac Asimov's Science Fiction. We hope to see more of E. T.'s magic in the future . . .

Add to all of this a quartet of sexotic pictorials featuring the most-beautiful women anywhere, and you've got exactly what's promised on the cover: a HUSTLER that's X-rated and X-actly what you need for these hot summer days!



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White Beauties: As an active member of the Ku Klux Klan, I would like to thank you for giving your readers the sexiest white women in the world!

Both Paula: Private Study and Cyndi: Something Sweet in the June issue are a credit to their race. I spend a lot of time under the sheets. What I wouldn't give to have Paula or Cyndi under there with me! If they would ever pose in a Klan robe for a KKK recruitment poster, the Klan would grow faster than a factory could turn out new robes!

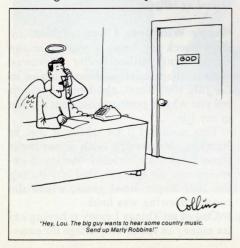
It's women like these that I live for. -T. E. S. II Rocky Mount, North Carolina

Crazy for Catherine: I'm'mad, frustrated, hurt and heartbroken, among many other emotions associated with love. The reason is Catherine: Woman of Elegance, May's centerfold and covergirl.

You see, four years ago I met my own "woman of elegance" when we were both going to high school. The first time I saw her, I melted and knew I had to know her better. But she wasn't ready for what I had to offer, and she went away to college. Since then I've seen a few women who came close to her but never any that could replace her. Until I saw Catherine.

Though they are different in some ways, Catherine is right up there with my old girlfriend. She blew my mindshe's what I want in life, hope to find, hope to be loved by. She is one of HUSTLER's most beautiful women ever-the topper of the year, perhaps of the decade. Catherine is my dream, partner, love, mate and my life. I wait for someone like her to come into my arms and fly away. -Harry Assad El Paso, Texas

Greatest Maid: The photo-layout Maid Service in the May issue is the greatest. I especially love the auburn-haired "maid" with the big tits. She looks like she weighs about 120 pounds, with a





Paula: Private Study

40D measurement up front where it counts. How about doing a layout on her alone, with plenty of views from both the front and side? -Garry E. Grand Rapids, Michigan

Kitty-Lover: Your March photo-feature Kitty: Saddle Tramp was excellent. Kitty's breasts, face and pussy are simply fantastic. HUSTLER is by far the best men's magazine I have seen, and you'll remain the best if you keep on giving us girls like Kitty. Thanks for the informative articles too. -O. K. J. Address Withheld

Supreme Bride: HUSTLER's April centerfold, Jeanette: Here Comes the Bride, was a supreme choice. Jeanette has beautiful big tits, a great-looking pussy, a gorgeous face, silky blond hair and long, luscious legs. I like the idea of putting the centerfold girl on the front cover, as you did with both the April and May issues. Keep up the good work. HUSTLER's a fantastic magazine.

-Matt L. Address Withheld

Razzing the Dead: Over the years I've put up with your cartoons about God, snot, blacks and shit. But the humor in your May issue takes the cake.

The Bits & Pieces item satirizing the death of Marty Robbins ("Straight from the Heart") was absolutely sick and disgusting. I wish his copyright company could eat your ass up over the way you showed "Marty" in an oxygen tent and retitled his hits "El Paso Away" and "My Woman, My Woman, My Beneficiary." I also didn't like the cartoon that depicted a receptionist in heaven saying, "Hey, Lou. The big guy wants to hear some country music. Send up Marty

Robbins!" What kind of nuts are you?

In addition, the B&P gag about Slim Whitman (showing Slim wearing a special "high-note grabber" on his testicles) wasn't very funny. Would Larry Flynt sing soprano if I grabbed his balls?

Are you making fun of country music? If you are, there are many people who'd want to bomb your building. Next time you print your sick jokes, think of the families involved. Do you really think they're laughing?

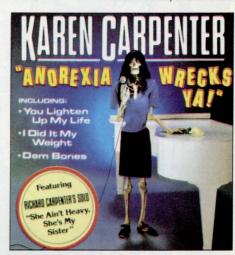
-T. S. Johnson Cumberland, Wisconsin

I was appalled at your June Bits & Pieces item about Karen Carpenter, "If I Were a Carpenter." Your humor (?) is sick and deplorable.

There's no reason to poke fun at the dead in such a crude manner. Karen's death was a great shock and loss to many people, and your foolish humor is a poor way to fill up the pages of your magazine.

You've shown very little respect for Karen's memory and for the feelings of her many fans who read HUSTLER. She was a very special person.

I think that you owe your readers an -S. Stevens apology. New York, New York



Good Shove: Just a few lines to compliment all of the May cartoons in general, and one in particular. The cartoon by Dan Collins, picturing a sign beside a shack that reads "Welcome to SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS West Virginia, Population 1," would describe a few nearby communities with whose landowners we've tried to do business.

Our entire office staff enjoyed this cartoon immensely. Please express our gratitude to Mr. Collins for providing comic relief on an otherwise impossibly dreary day.

-Name Withheld by Request Spencer, West Virginia My husband received the May issue of HUSTLER, and as usual, I grabbed it as soon as he was through. I'm still laughing because John Billette really outdid himself in his cartoon portraying E. T. as the classic henpecked husband. The look on E. T.'s face as his wife brandishes the rolling pin is something I won't soon forget. If I get the chance, everyone at work is going to see this cartoon before I put it away in my husband's humor file. Keep up the good work, John.

—Sandi Pellicano Olympia, Washington

Howard Cosell: I read with interest your June Asshole of the Month column about sportscaster Howard Cosell. In my opinion, a statue of Howard should be erected in front of New York's Madison Square Garden. Then the pigeons can express the true feelings of all of us who have to listen to the guy.

-Jack Northrup Everett, Massachusetts

Mutilation: The facts brought out in HUSTLER's recent Sex Play about the genital mutilation of women were even more disgusting than those disclosed in your May 1982 article about torture around the world (Torture: Man's Inhumanity to Man).

How can people in any country sub-

ject young girls to such torture? The use of modern hospital equipment to perform such medieval operations should be discontinued. In this modern age, such mutilation has to stop.

-Thomas Kuck Canton, New York

Science or Trivia? Such sensationalized trivia as The UFO Coverup: What the Government Won't Tell You (June) tends to lower the credibility of your otherwise fine and important publication. Bruce Henderson's report makes its case primarily on innuendo, hearsay from "reliable inside sources" and out-of-context quotes from legitimate authorities. It is also full of glaring scientific inaccuracies.

People with science-fiction mentalities invariably describe a UFO as being the size of a plane or house and the creatures as being "humanoid." But the odds are astronomically against aliens being similar in size and structure to ourselves. It's much more likely they would be as big as dinosaurs or as small as insects.

Radio transmissions from technologically advanced civilizations would be detected centuries before an actual encounter. Even if they were here now, extraterrestrials surely would either make themselves known or else dismiss us

completely as an insignificant planet with primitive inhabitants. To suggest we might be "subject to conquest" is absurd. That would be comparable to traveling halfway around the world in order to swat a fly.

HUSTLER should stick to articles concerning politics, censorship, human rights, etc., and leave the gossip columns and UFO reports to rags like the *Star* and the *Enquirer*.—Al Medwin

Farmingdale, New Jersey

Censorship: I've just read Robert Mc-Garvey's May article, Censorship: What You Should Know, and I'm mad as hell. Who does Judith Bat-Ada—a spokeswoman for Women Against Violence in Pornography—think she is? Who gave her the right to tell me and thousands of others what we can and cannot read? If Bat-Ada and her friends disapprove of pornography, they don't have to look at it, right? I enjoy reading HUSTLER; so keep up the good work.

—Phillip M. Perkins Summersville, West Virginia

The article *Censorship: What You Should Know* was great, but you overlooked the recent decision to ban prayer in the public schools.

I'm no religious fanatic, but when the government outlaws praying in school, we're in pretty bad shape. How can we continue to call America the land of the free and the home of the brave? To me, the prayer ban is the biggest form of censorship ever imposed on U.S. citizens. If a child or his parents disagree with the idea of praying in school, they could be separated from the other children who do wish to pray.

—D. H.

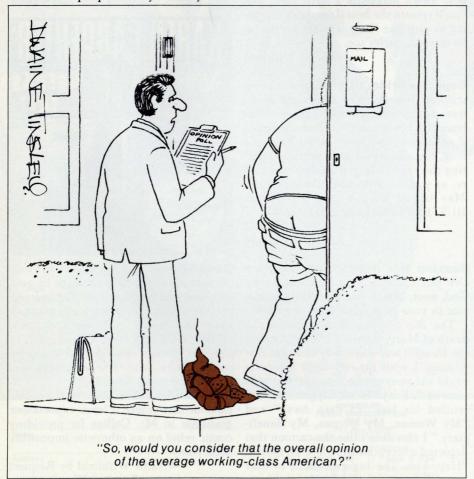
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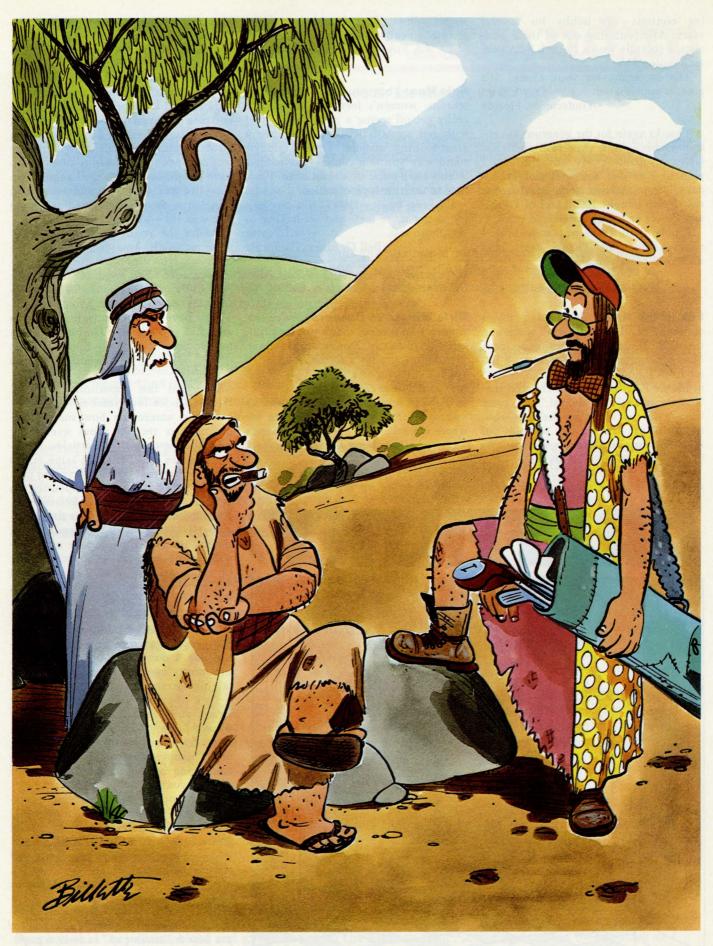
One way the First Amendment helps preserve freedom of religious thought is by assuring strict separation of church and state. Since public schools are government-financed institutions, allowing any kind of prayer in classrooms would put the state in the position of promoting religion.

Happy Winners: I just received my third check for being a winner in the Larry Flynt Million-Dollar Giveaway contest (the winners were announced in the July 1981 issue), and I can't begin to tell you what a positive change it's made in my life.

This month I'll be taking a trip to Natchez, Mississippi, with a one-night stopover in New Orleans. We loved every minute we spent in that city during the 1981 Super Bowl game, where the contest drawing was held.

One of the things I enjoy is having extra money to spend on postage for enter-





"I'm tellin" ya, Jesus. This Christianity thing could really catch on.

But we gotta work on Your image"!

ing contests-my hobby for several years. After entering one of those contests, I recently won a 19-inch RCA portable color TV.

Thanks again for your check. It's greatly appreciated. -Mary Cekun Windermere, Florida

Thanks again for the generous sweepstakes check from your Million-Dollar Giveaway contest. My husband and I plan to take our daughter and granddaughter to Atlanta soon to visit our son. I also bought 100 shares of Louisiana Power and Light preferred stock.

I only wish there was something I could do for you. Thanks again, and may God bless you always.

> -Mrs. L. R. Shelton Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Sex in the Navy: I'm writing to you on behalf of all the "straight" women in the U.S. Navy. Commenting on your March pictorial Naval Maneuvers, a letter from sailors aboard the USS Koelsch in May's Feedback column charged that "female sailors" are dykes! True, some women in the Navy are lesbians-but not all of us. And I'd like to point out that there are just as many male queers in the Navy as there are dykes!

So please tell the sailors on the Koelsch

wrong women. They should also beware of their so-called pals aboard ship!

-A Straight Woman in the Navy Address Withheld

Sole Man: I buy your magazine for two reasons: women's feet and assholes. I really get off seeing a great pair of feet with red toenail polish; I also love a great-looking asshole. I can't understand why you don't have your models licking each other's feet and asses. I just love to see this type of action.

I'll keep buying HUSTLER, but let's try to get more feet- and ass-licking in the photo-sets. -Jeff Taylor

Bell Gardens, California

We've passed your suggestions on to our Photo Department. Stay tuned.

Girls Who Love Beavers: We're two women who want to thank you for printing the photo of Donna from Biloxi, Mississippi, in May's Beaver Hunt. She's got our votes for an extended photo-feature as a Beaver Hunt winner.

HUSTLER is by far the best "women's magazine" on the market. Women are where it's at! -Tara and Sandy Long Island, New York

HUSTLER: An Insult? As a mother that they must be getting hold of the trying to bring up my children in the

way of the Lord, I have now been confronted with a copy of your filthy magazine in my son's bedroom. HUSTLER is an insult to the human race.

My problem is not so much with the girlie poses as with your irreverent attitude toward Christianity. My advice to you is to get down on your knees in front of the cross and ask for forgiveness, then go about using your talents to better the world. If you feel no need to do this, you have my pity all the more. Laugh if you want to, but God is not mocked and there is a day of reckoning when no one - no one - will escape.

As for the young girls who pose for your pictorials, how can they face the morrow? How can they touch the money received? Their minds must be so low that all thoughts are gone and only a vacancy is left.

You have only my pity for what lies ahead of you all. May God in his grace forgive you. -Eileen Siemers Fallbrook, California

I've had the opportunity to read HUSTLER for four years now. It never ceases to amaze me how many complaints you receive about everything from the cartoons to the articles. It further amazes me that those same critics don't realize that by asking you to censor the magazine, they're espousing an attitude which could limit our freedoms. That attitude might even one day eliminate HUSTLER, and that would be a shame. HUSTLER's the only magazine willing to take on all subjects, refusing to candy-ass like Oui, Penthouse and Playboy. Keep it up! -Bill Helbush San Luis Obispo, California

As an American, I despise censorship. But your magazine and others like it disturb me. I don't mean the dumb jokes, the smutty cartoons or the articles. I'm talking about the pictorials.

As a woman, I know that 95% of my sisters and I can't compare with the young, perfect, unblemished ladies you show. So when I see my husband gazing at a "men's magazine" I'm afraid he's comparing me to the women in your photo-layouts.

What bothers me about your magazine is the "perfect body" mentality that makes the imperfect among us feel sad and a little inferior. I'm glad I'm married to a guy who loves me-scars and stretch marks and all. -C.J.

St. Charles, Missouri

It's true that HUSTLER models are exceptionally beautiful. But it's ridiculous to feel you have to "measure up" in looks to professional models who are chosen for artistic pictorials designed principally for fantasy.



Thanx and \$25 to S.L., Millville, NJ

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

A Douglas, Arizona, teacher accused of asking boys to bring sperm samples into his class for discussions on human sexuality has been suspended for a year. Students also claimed that junior-high-school teacher Stephen J. Tognoli told them to worship the sun and to picket for roller-skating privileges. Denying the charges, Tognoli insisted that the school administration was out to get him because he'd spoken out against air pollution caused by a nearby copper smelter.

The New York City Health Department reported that the number of human bites inflicted on New Yorkers by other New Yorkers increased nearly 10% in 1982. A total of 1,557 human bites were reported to the department during that one-year period. Six of the bites were termed "sexual bites" that the department attributed to overenthusiasm during lovemaking.

A lesbian has filed a custody suit in San Francisco against her estranged "wife" in order to gain visitation rights to the couple's child. Linda Loftin, who married Mary Elizabeth Flournoy five years ago in a ceremony that had no legal basis, claimed that Flournoy refused to let her see the child she had helped to conceive through artificial insemination.

In Sacramento, California, police arrested a high-school football coach and his wife, a junior-high assistant principal, for running a sadomasochistic house of prostitution. Bill and Cheri Benton were booked on charges of prostitution after deputies found their apartment full of whips, chains, torture racks, leather restraints, hoods, branding irons and electrodes. Police were led to the couple by an ad in an underground paper that read: "Ms. Brandi, sensual sadist, now granting permission to select supplicant slaves to enter her dungeon."

Police in Miami Beach, Florida, are searching for a woman who picks up men in bars, then drugs and robs them. Described as "very well-endowed," the woman willingly goes home with her victims and slips them a drug rendering them temporarily paralyzed. Then she relieves them of their valuables. One of her targets watched helplessly while she stole \$1,400 in jewelry, and her latest had given her his phone number and suggested that she call him.

A Navy corpsman is under investigation by authorities for selling his urine samples to shipmates suspected of drug use. Petty Officer Michael W. Cullen has admitted swapping urine samples with crewmen aboard the San Diego-based USS Roark so the men could pass urinalysis tests instituted by the Navy 18 months ago to catch drug users. Cullen turned himself in after one of the swabbies attempted to blackmail him.

In Texas a high school has begun paying its students \$100 each time they give officials information leading to the conviction of fellow students who are using or selling drugs. "You'd be astonished at how well the students are cooperating," said Lewisville High School Principal Malcolm Dennis. "Some have even turned in their best friends."

A Carlsbad, New Mexico, man was arrested after shooting his live-in girlfriend in the buttocks for serving him green beans once too often. Deputies dispatched to the home of Daniel Lopez and Roberta May Sanchez said they found blood and green beans on the kitchen floor. Lopez was quoted by deputies as saving, "Wouldn't you be mad if you had to eat green beans all the time?"

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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Edited by Karen Thompson

Smoke Alarm: I've just become pregnant, and my doctor advises me to quit smoking because he says it could be dangerous to my baby's health. He also believes my husband should quit smoking for the same reason. Does this make any sense?

—R. S.

Orlando, Florida

It certainly does. A study conducted by Cleveland Metropolitan General Hospital/Case Western Reserve University measured the levels of thiocyanate—a tobacco-smoke byproduct formed in the body—in the bloodstreams of newborn babies. (The presence of thiocyanate in the infant's blood indicates that the mother is inhaling cigarette smoke; research shows that inhaling too much smoke can lead to premature babies and even stillbirths.)

As you might expect, the study found that babies born to mothers who smoked had the highest levels of thiocyanate in their bloodstreams. But significantly high levels of the smoke by-product were also present in the bloodstreams of babies born to nonsmoking women who lived with smokers. The researchers concluded that the mothers-to-be had inhaled their husbands' tobacco smoke. So for the sake of your baby's health, tell your husband he should quit smoking. In fact, his quitting would be good for all three of you!

New Contraception: I have heard about a wonderful new contraceptive sponge, but I can't locate it on the market here in Detroit. Can you tell me more about the device and why it isn't available locally?

—A.Y.

Detroit, Michigan

The new contraceptive sponge is sold under the brand name Today and is manufactured by V. L. I. Corporation of Costa Mesa, California. Made of polyurethane, the sponge feels very much like human tissue, and it is saturated with a spermicide that's continuously released within the vagina. That allows you and your partner to have intercourse as many times as you want to in a 24-hour period without changing the sponge. In contrast, diaphragms are good for only one sex act without reapplying a spermicide. The "one size fits all" sponge is inserted in much the same way as a diaphragm—between the back wall of the vagina and the pubic bone so that it covers the cervix. The device has an effectiveness rate of 85% (about the same as the diaphragm), but it has none of the unpleasant side effects of the IUD or the birth-control pill (which have somewhat higher effectiveness rates). And unlike some other birth-control methods, the sponge requires no prescription.

While Today is currently sold in only a few states (Michigan isn't one of them), it should be available nationwide beginning in September.

Hairy Chest: I'm a 24-year-old woman with a strange problem. I have some dark hair growing between my breasts. I've heard of women having this sort of hair on their nipples, but not between their tits. Do you think this is normal?

-M. T. Canton, Ohio

It is not abnormal for women to have coarse, thick, black hair growing around the nipples or between their breasts. In fact, one study of 400 women reported that nearly 20% of them had such hair on various areas of their chests.

However, if this growth is accompanied by

menstrual disturbances, a change in voice pitch, unusual acne or additional hair growth on the face, ears or nose, you should see a doctor. These symptoms can indicate abnormal levels of the male hormone androgen in the body.

Androgen is present to some degree in all women. Occasionally, though, the production of this hormone gets thrown out of balance, resulting in complications.

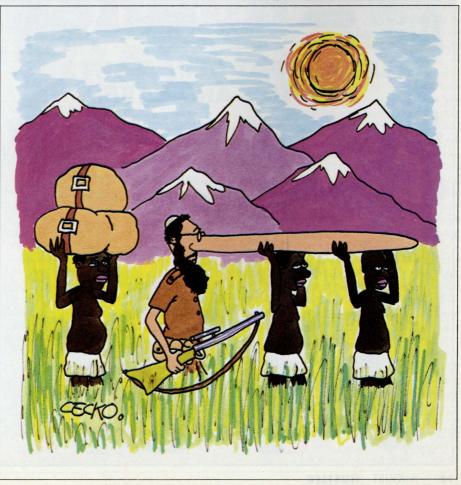
If you don't have any of the above symptoms, there's no need for concern. If you're simply worried about the aesthetics of having hair on your chest, you can remove it, either with wax or by applying a depilatory—but most doctors recommend simple tweezing.

Painful Orgasm?: My girlfriend has a look of pain on her face when she reaches orgasm. She says I'm not hurting her, but I'm never sure at the time. Is this a common occurrence for women during climax?

—M. R.

Beverly Hills, California

Yes. And it's common among men too. Here's why: Orgasm is an intense experience in part because it signals that point in sex when our reactions become involuntary. We literally lose control, becoming suddenly oblivious to nearly everything around us. We also lose our concern for "appropriate" facial expressions



and simply ride the waves of the muscular spasms that accompany climax. So a distorted expression, or even what looks like a painful one, is neither uncommon nor cause for alarm. It only means she's having fun!

Vasectomy Help: I have been thinking about having a vasectomy, but I am not sure how to go about finding a doctor to perform this. Is there anyone I can call here in New York for help? —M. I.

New York, New York

Yes. The Association for Voluntary Sterilization provides information on sterilization procedures for men and women all over the country. It can supply you with the names of physicians in your area who can perform the vasectomy. The association is located at 708 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017 (telephone: 212-573-8350).

Longer Dong: I'm a 22-year-old male with an awful problem: Fully erect, my cock is only five inches long! I know women aren't supposed to care about penis size, but I still worry that I'm not satisfying my ladies. Do you know anything about hormone treatments to make cocks bigger?

—S. B.

Salem, Massachusetts

First of all, the average length of all erect

cocks is five to seven inches. So your penis is not unusually small to begin with.

There are some rare cases—such as in men who have a testicle malfunction—when hormone injections can enlarge the penis. But such treatment will not increase the cock size of a man who is otherwise healthy, potent and fertile.

We can't emphasize enough that the mere size of a man's cock does not reflect his ability to satisfy a woman. But constant worry about penis size can get in the way of your partner's pleasure if you allow it to affect your lovemaking. So forget about a longer dong; you're quite adequate as you are.

Vitamin C and Cervical Cancer: I've heard that vitamin C might help prevent cancer of the cervix. Any news of this?

—H. A.

Culver City, California

Yes. Vitamin C previously has been linked to the prevention of lung, colon, skin and stomach cancers. Now researchers at New York City's Albert Einstein College of Medicine have found evidence that vitamin C protects against cervical cancer as well. Their study discovered that women who tested positively for cervical cancer had consumed significantly less vitamin C than those women who had negative tests. Although at this point researchers are unsure how much vitamin C is

needed for protection, they recommend at least 90 milligrams a day. That's 30 milligrams more than the recommended dietary allowance. More extensive research is planned; but in the meantime, it can't hurt to take your vitamin C.

Popper Problem: My husband recently brought home some capsules he called "poppers" and said they'd add zest to our sex life. He wants me to try them too. Are they safe?

Madison, Wisconsin

Many people consider amyl nitrite (or "poppers") to be an aphrodisiac. Unlike butyl nitrite (which is sold in small bottles over the counter in adult-book stores and head shops), amyl nitrite is a prescription medication that comes in tablet or capsule form. When used medically to treat clogged arteries, or recreationally as an aphrodisiac, the capsule is broken (creating a "popping" sound) and the nitrite inhaled. Sniffed during sex at the moment of orgasm, poppers are said to induce an intensified climax.

It's never a good idea to fool around with prescription drugs that haven't been prescribed for you. Unpleasant side effects from poppers can include headaches, a racing heartbeat, nausea, dizziness and anemia. Also, nitrites were once under investigation as a possible cause of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (see our June Sex Play column) because of their popularity among gays. While no direct connection has yet been proved, it's believed that abuse of poppers might in some way lead to a general weakening of the body's immune system.

Sex and Athletics: I am a serious marathon runner, and I often enter local races. I have heard that having sex the night before a race is not a good idea, because it will lower my energy level. Is this true?

—K. K.

San Diego, California

The effect of sexual activity on the performance of athletes has been a source of controversy for centuries. But here's what we know today: Like any other activity, sex burns calories. When those calories are not replaced, the body becomes fatigued. It's been determined that a single act of intercourse uses about 200 calories. Whether or not you "recover" from that fatigue depends on replacing those lost calories.

It's important to remember that age and general health play an important role in the amount of time it takes for your body to restore the energy expended in sexual activity. Generally, the younger and healthier you are, the faster your body can replace the lost energy. By comparing after-sex performances with celibate ones, you should be able to determine if it's best for you to abstain.



BUSPIECES

oes a woman whose major talent is interviewing handymen and plant doctors really deserve to be Asshole of the Month? She does if she's Sandi Freeman, host of Cable News Network's Freeman Reports and HUSTLER's August Asshole of the Month.

Ms. Freeman deserves this "award" not just because she's a terrible news interviewer (which she is) but because she pretends to be something she's not. What's that? A professional, objective television journalist who uses tough, probing questions to get at the truth. What is she really? A smug and smarmy Barbara Walters imitator so blinded by her own petty biases, she wouldn't know the truth if it crawled into bed with her.

Well, you ask, aren't there a lot of obnoxious, biased television newspeople? There sure are, and many of them are assholes. But some are honest enough to define their prejudices. Others are professional enough to put aside their own feelings. Ms. Freeman does neither.

What's really grating about Sandi Freeman's weakness is that it appears on Cable News Network, which was intended to provide 24 hours of the kind of in-depth, story-behind-the-story news that the three big commercial networks can't. That's why it's never been exactly clear to pros in the media why CNN owner Ted Turner plucked up Sandi from a Chicago station. Her skills seem limited to fluff-andpuff interviews; so why subject millions of viewers to her inane questioning of genuine newsmakers like Senator Ted Kennedy and former National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski? Perhaps that very question prompted CNN executives to cancel the Freeman Reports last year. Unfortunately for all of us, a last-minute change of heart kept Ms. Freeman on the air.

Ms. Freeman's amateurish bias is nothing new. In fact, her former boss in Chicago was quoted as saying he always had to watch her to make sure she didn't take



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Sandi Freeman

positions. But we first became aware of it three years ago, when Iranian student leaders appeared on her show. At the time, the U.S. was seething over the hostages held in Iran, and people were talking about kicking the Iranian students out of the country. Obviously, it was an important news subject.

The actual interview was an insult to journalism. Ms. Freeman made no attempt to shed light on the views of the Iranians. Instead, she pandered to the prejudices of an angry audience—and to her own bias. The Iranians were attacked and treated as if they had no right to express any view. One would think that Sandi Freeman doesn't believe the American people can hear con-

troversial opinions and make up their own minds.

That was clearly the case recently when Larry Flynt was asked to appear on her show. The other guests included a South Carolina professor, who was convinced that a fantasy pictorial in HUSTLER caused a rape several months later in Massachusetts, and a fat anti-First-Amendment feminist, who was equally convinced that all sex crimes are caused by HUSTLER.

Sandi Freeman slanted the program from the start by snidely saying that no one connected with her show would ever buy HUSTLER. After briefly looking only at the photos in question, which so offended Ms. Freeman's dubious sensitivity, she simply

let her bias control the show.

Any journalism student knows to ask for evidence when a professor asserts, on national TV, the absurd idea that a fantasy pictorial caused a real rape. Sandi Freeman didn't. Nor did she question his insulting remark that there's "definitely a perversion" about the millions of HUSTLER readers. Shockingly, this "journalist" didn't even bat an eye when the supposed scholar called for "trained experts" to act as possible censors of the media. And she left unchallenged outrageous personal assaults on Larry Flynt by the raving feminist, such as the outright lies that he and HUSTLER "advocate raping women" and "advocate child molestation." If Ms. Freeman had taken the most elementary step of reading the magazine, she'd know that combating child abuse and sex crimes are major HUSTLER editorial campaigns.

No, all these ludicrous accusations went over the air as if they were facts. But when Larry Flynt challenged the feminist's presumption that she spoke for all women, asking if she was a lesbian (which, of course, would mean she did not speak for all the women who enjoy the fun-loving relationship between men and women that HUSTLER has advocated since its inception), Ms. Freeman cut him off and launched into a semihysterical speech of her own. What could be more arrogant than an interviewer who gives her own views priority over the views of her subject?

The real loser in all of this is not Larry Flynt, or HUSTLER Magazine, or Iranian students, or anyone else who's been on Freeman Reports. The real victims of Sandi Freeman's hypocrisy are the viewers. They have a right to get from a news show what they're promised: professionalism, fact-finding questioning, fairness and respect. The American people have enough sense to make up their own minds about controversial issues. They don't need a Sandi Freeman to decide what they should think.



Swingin'

his son Gary for gaining weight. So says Gary in his book, Going My Own Way. Gary would step on the scale, and if Daddy didn't like the numbers, he'd get a whipping. Combine this method with the ol'

> of golf, and you've got a pretty effective weight-loss program. While der Bingle would never sponsor this product, Gary's memoirs make it clear that he would agree with the technique. Bing's got the



Peeco

"What's a guy have to do to get into your magazine-paint his dick blue and piss?!?" Well, it's a start. This reader's photo hasn't got the impact of our old flashing buddy Jerry Aibel, but it has a definite flair. We'll give him the \$150 just so he can see a doctor about the color of that urine.

Eat Unleaded, Ronnie

Because of a new tax aimed at helping America fix its potholes, every time you pump a gallon of gas into your tank, you're pouring 5¢ more into the government's pocket. All the good folks who use the highways for business purposes would like to shove that gas tax

right back down the President's throat. Here's a way they could do just that-a Ronald Reagan Gas-Tax Memorial Gas-Cap Decal. Just stick it where you fill your tank, and you can stick it to Big Red each time you gas up. It'll do your heart good to see the President eat his words.





Keep On Truckin'

That's no ordinary truck you're starin' at. Take a Chevy pickup, throw in a 369-cubic-inch engine (550 horsepower) and 31 X 15.5=15 Dick Cepek tires -and you've got the Bits & Pieces. Owned and sponsored by the Ayers Brothers of New | flattered.

Haven, Kentucky, this vehicle was built for "truck pull" competition. It was put together from "bits and pieces" by the Ayers Brothers, HUSTLER fans, who knew just where to lift their lettering style from. We're

Vill Find a Way

According to their owner, who sent us the photo, the only way these two can get into this position is if Boo (the black dog) nails Cindy (the short bitch) on a hillside. One of the short guys here at the office saw this shot and decided to try it at home . . . but the dog kept running away.





No Afterplay

Whether its customers "kum" or "go," this place must be a mess inside. If that's not so, we're giving this Phoenix, Arizona, convenience store the HUSTLER "Misleading Bodily Function Sign of the Month" award for August. Disappointed patrons are likely to take the attitude "no deposit—no return."

Bringing Christ Into the Bedroom

Bible-thumpers are turning into Biblehumpers with the aid of recently published Christian sex manuals aimed at bringing the joy of Christ and the joy of sex closer together. The main thrust of these manuals is that good sex requires "bringing Christ into the bedroom." But you better have enough room! Jesus has a reputation for popping up without warning, and your wife could end up with a miracle right between her legs!



Nursing Care

There's nothing more cruel than deceiving the elderly. It's a major problem in America to-day. And at the heart of the problem are the institutions where many of our senior citizens spend their final years—nursing homes. Aging consumers are tired of being misled by the promises of these places,

which exist solely to provide tender, loving care during the last years of a person's life. So here's the question: When are these old folks finally going to be allowed to nurse?

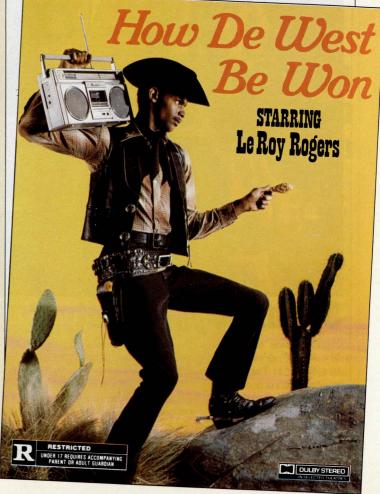
Most of them don't even have teeth; so they're not going to hurt anyone. Where's that milk of human kindness anyway? It's the only benefit that makes a second childhood worthwhile.

Urban Cowboys portrayed unfairly in Westerns...they

Indians weren't the only minority offended by cowboy movies. The Oakland, California, based Black Cowboy Association claims that black cowboys weren't

Westerns...they weren't portrayed at all! So here's our idea for the first honest black Western. We can see them riding off into the sunset

now... in their Cadillacs.





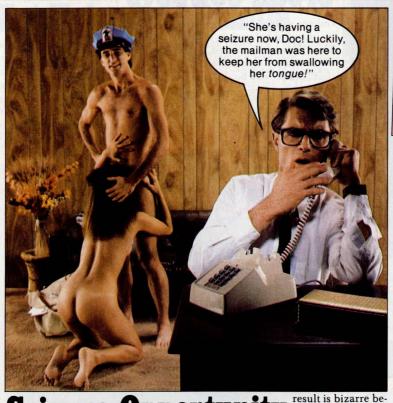
Pissing in the Wind hook it up to your motorcycle as a side-

Tired of stopping every five minutes for your old lady to get rid of her last beer? We don't blame you.

So here's a quick do-it-yourself tip for frustrated drivers from the whiz kids at HUSTLER. Pick up an old crapper from a junkyard, throw an axle and a couple of wheels on it, car, and you've got

the ninth wonder of the world-a biker's outhouse.

Throw away that guide to AAAapproved restrooms; now you can take long trips without all the short stops. What an idea, huh? If only the White House could solve its leak problem this easily.



Seizure Opportuni havior. Ellison be-

Here's a new one for the "What's My Alibi?" department: According to a doctor at Tufts University, mild epileptic seizures can cause sufferers to act out their wildest sex fantasies. Dr. James Ellison says a condition known as "temporal-lobe epilepsy" involves seizures limited to the temporal lobes of the brain . . . and the

lieves the condition could account for occasions when adults perform strange sex acts in front of strangers-like undressing at a party. Remember this one the next time you're caught in a compromising position. "Gee, honey, first I got this headache, and the next thing I knew. . ." If she buys it, sell her a bridge.

Not-So-Straight as an Arrow You never know where love

will strike. If you're gay, you might get a shot right between the hemorrhoids. That's the sentiment of this straight-shootin' card from Rockshots (51 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10010). If Cupid's arrow hits its mark, that guy may not need a lover.



Eat Your

Life isn't tough enough? Do you readers have to keep sending in photographs like this one, which remind us there are vegetables that are hung better than most of the editors around here? Thanks a lot, but we honestly don't need the humiliation. How about some photos of vegetables with tiny peckers? In any event, women should remember that sex with a radish is a bitter experience.



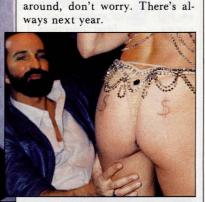


Hookers'

In Hollywood, everything is make-believe. So, unlike the Hookers' Ball in San Francisco—which is heavily attended by real ladies of the night—the ball held at the Palace nightclub in Tinseltown is populated with crazy people who dress up like hookers (or gigolos, depending on gender). But the event is no less wild.

The party was open to celebrities and beautiful women by "private invitation" only, and, as you can see, everyone brought their privates. And many of the guests were more than happy to flaunt them for the cameras.

This is further proof that wealth and decadence are still in fashion. If you didn't get invited to the outrageous bash this time around, don't worry. There's always next year.

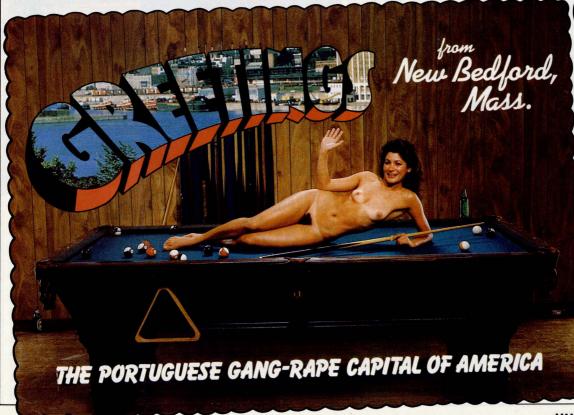




A Rise in the Reich

1983 is the 50th anniversary of Hitler's rise to power in Germany. Happy anniversary, Adolf! And to commemorate the little guy who penetrated most of Western Europe, we're suggesting a sex mag for horny

Nazis. Filled with the gals who'll goose-step right into the hearts of America, this is just the thing for unwinding after a hard day of defacing synagogues and baiting Jews. It's bound to cause a fuehrer.



Getting a Jump on Tourism

Whether the residents like it or not, New Bedford, Massachusetts, is on the map. The alleged spectator-sport gang rape that shocked America will have people talking for years. But there may be a positive side to this horrible incident-tourism. Cards like this one could turn the city into a real hotspot. If vacationers will travel to the Alamo just to see where the entire Mexican army jumped all over the asses of a few gringos, maybe . . .

NOTHING IS MORE HUMAN THAN PROFIT



Bullish, Bearish or Babyish? the love of a child but the walls of W

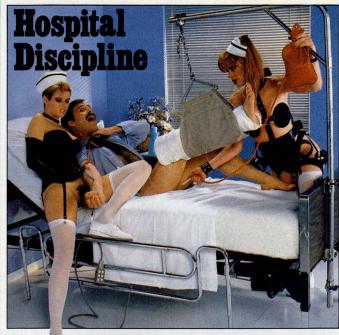
From the same people who brought you the "Poverty Sucks" poster showing an arrogant blueblood and his expensive Rolls-Royce parked in front of a welfare office, here's yet another poster paying tribute to the almighty buck. Equating the love of profit with

the love of a child is a bit tacky, but the walls of Wall Street will probably be plastered with this baby. It's available from Contempo Graphics Inc. (P.O. Box 17039, Winston-Salem, NC 27106) for \$20 plus \$7.50 for postage, handling and mailing tube. Sure, it's a touch expensive . . . but remember the poster's motto.



Dolly's Jeans

Celebrity-endorsed clothing is a surefire moneymaker. Johnny Carson makes a bundle on sport jackets-why shouldn't Dolly Parton bust into the designer-jeans market? Dolly's best asset is her chest, but most women would never be able to fill her cups. With jeans like the ones we're suggesting, they could have Dollylike cleavage in the rear! If you can't have huge tits, it's better just to put the thought behind you.



What a are full of sadistic practices, from injections to enemas, and there's no one there to enjoy them. We know the patients don't. So why not hire S&M freaks as nurses? Drawing urine out with a tube

should be a meaningful experience for at least one of the people involved, right? Besides, most nurses are about as gentle as sumo wrestlers anyway. Might as well have someone on the job who enjoys kicking you while you're down.



Another Sneak Attack!

This is certainly a new twist on the old rip-eroo. Now we have to watch out for the overseas cousins of American men's magazines ripping our ideas off. On the left, the opening page of our Christmas Gift Guide from the January 1982 HUSTLER. On the right, the yellow menace steals another American idea with this ver-

sion in the February 1983 issue of the Japa-

nese edition of *Playboy*. The wheelbarrow must be there because Oriental women don't have strong backs. After getting caught trying to lift plans from IBM, the Japanese should really consider being more subtle in their "borrowing."

Listen, fellas, you're going to have to try a different slant in finding sources for your humor. We're nipping this unauthorized foreign aid in the bud.



Family

We've heard of families that have too many mouths to feed . . . but just mouths? This bizarre scene is the work of Jim Haberman, who not only photographed and sculpted these toothy creatures but also sells the postcard (Jim Haberman Cards, 15 Cleveland St., Arlington, MA 02174). Alien beings may have one tradition in common with us here on Earth: brushing after every meal.

HUSTLER **Update**

MURDERS **EXPOSÉ** April '83 HUSTLER's investigative report Mass Mur-



der in Atlanta: Is the Wrong Man in Jail? cast serious doubts on the involvement of Wayne B. Williams in the killings of 28 young blacks-including the two he was convicted of murdering. Since then other television and print media have questioned his conviction. Under a gag order while his case is on appeal, Williams remains locked up in a small isolation cell that he may leave only to exercise and shower alone. "We're trying to protect him from physical harm from other inmates and from the harm he could cause himself by blowing off his mouth too much to the news media," says Fulton County (Georgia) Sheriff Leroy Stynchcombe, ignoring the fact that a gag order serves only to suppress the truth.

ESCAPE

FROM THE CITY May '82





The Flaming

It's a bird . . . it's a plane . . . no, it's a greeting card with a picture of a faggot in a habit. Yes, fighting for truth, justice and the American gay, photographer Michael Frank has captured the dream of every devout male homosexual-to someday

become a nun. Available as a card from Unlimited Possibilities (23 E. 22nd St., New York, NY 10010), this outrageous visual is sure to offend Catholics everywhere.



Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Naw, this ain't dogshit. Dogshit's got more tang to it!"

It's Dead

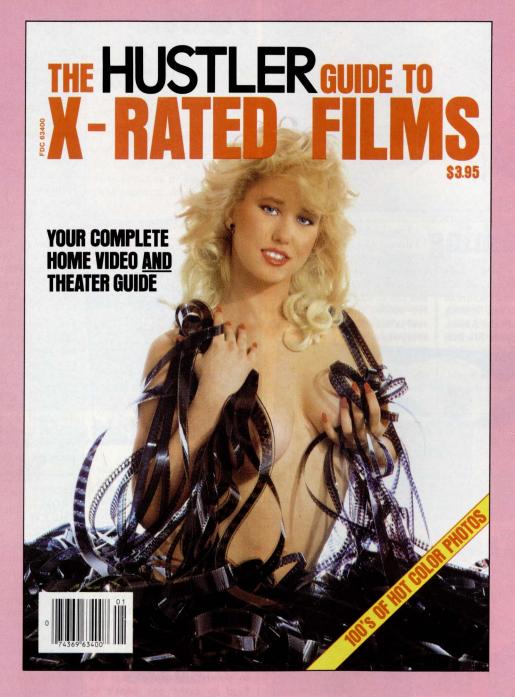
Despite the title, we couldn't find any signs of life in this sleazy spin-off from High Society magazine. Most noticeable is the absence of brain waves. The magazine mindlessly takes the reader from one boring strip club to another, wasting printers' ink on women who look like they could leave herpes lesions on a porcelain toilet seat. We're talking ugly! Of course, you can't tell exactly how ugly, because the magazine's photos are so poorly reproduced that it's hard to make out what's in there. This rag could give paper a bad name. If you're into wasting \$3.25 on 98 pages of blurry women from New Jersey whom the brilliant editors describe as "patooties" and "looney poons"...this magazine would still be a bad buy.

HUSTLER pays \$150 for Bits & Pieces items (or \$50 if two or more submissions

are used in one B&P item). Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For August, \$150 goes to L. Ayers, J. Dawson, R. Julien and D. Sandler.



WARNING: ADULTS ONLY!



Now, in one volume HUSTLER has compiled the limp, the lusty and the outrageous in home-video and theater movies. Get the lowdown before you shell out your hard-earned money for X-rated home-video or theater entertainment.

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Rodger Claire

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better productions.

Puss'n'Boots

Half Erect. Produced by Chuck Vincent; directed by Chuck Vincent; written by Chuck Vincent and Rick Marx; starring Kelly Nichols, J. T. Ambrose, Jade East, Sharon Kane, Cheri Champagne, Ron Hudd, Michael Knight, George Payne, Tara Aire and Joanna Storm. Running time: 73 minutes.

Puss 'n' Boots is a patchwork of Hollywood leftovers, a porn ripoff of stock scenes and situations from every military comedy from M*A*S*H to Private Benjamin. The only thing new is



Joanna Storm and Cheri Champagne get down in 'Puss' n' Boots.'

the sex, and most of that is as flat as the humor.

The story opens on a very familiar note: A buxom young boot (Kelly Nichols) discovers



J. T. Ambrose brings two soldiers to attention in 'Puss 'n' Boots.'

she hates the Army and wants out. The rest of the movie follows her harebrained schemes to ditch the service.

When Nichols learns she can be discharged for getting pregnant, she hits the local wateringhole and picks up a male whore, hoping this virile stud will give her something more than a good time. In the flick's only really funny scene, Nichols gets it on with the guy, only to discover that he's had a vasectomy.

While Nichols is busy thinking up more ways to break free, one of the company cuties (Ioanna Storm) is seduced in the showers by the base's resident dyke (Cheri Champagne). Unfortunately, the two ladies are caught midstride by the camp commander, and Champagne-who brings a whole new meaning to the term dogface - blames the illicit diddling on Storm. Poor Storm is promptly drummed out of the service with a dishonorable discharge (which is bad luck for the viewer too, since Storm is the best-looking woman in the

When Nichols and her horny barracks buddy (J.T. Ambrose) learn how Storm was set up by Champagne, they vow to avenge her. Luring Champagne down to the boiler room, Nichols and Ambrose seduce the butch buck-private into a lesbian S&M session. They tie Champagne up, spank her, rearend her with a dildo and then leave her in a frenzy of ecstasy, masturbating a punching bag. Then they invite the camp commander down to the boiler room for a look-see—revenge is a dish best served not only cold, but crude.

The sex in Puss 'n' Boots leaves something to be desired. It seems too orchestrated to be truly erotic, and with the exception of Storm (who doesn't diddle much) and Ambrose's

great set of jugs, the female cast isn't much to write home about. The best—and most believable—sex comes in a scene between Michael Knight and Nichols, when Knight gets the lady thrashing like a fish out of water. But this kind of building eroticism is lamentably rare.

Like most adult flicks that swap original storylines for predictable plots with a little sex, Puss 'n' Boots isn't likely to leave you very entertained or very aroused.

-R. C.

Daddy's Little Girls

One-Quarter Erect. Produced by J. Angel Martine; directed and written by John Christopher; starring Chelsea Manchester, Sharon Kane, Brooke Bennett, Anna Ventura, Dan Stephens, Ashley Moore, David Ambrose, Michael Bruce, Kenny Dee and Mike Hunt. Running time: 76 minutes.

You wouldn't expect a porn film with a title like Daddy's Little Girls to be a particularly thought-provoking work of art. But that doesn't mean it can't at least make sense and be wellmade, as well as sexy. Unfortunately, this shit-kicking look at the backwoods boffing of a family of horny hillbillies comes off about as simpleminded as the characters it attempts to portray.

The comic-strip plot revolves around a shiftless dirt farmer who can't keep up his property taxes; a corrupt, boneheaded sheriff (Ashley Moore) who wants to confiscate his farm; and the farmer's three daugh-

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT

Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.

HALF ERECT

So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.

TOTALLY LIMP

A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.

25

ters (Sharon Kane, Chelsea Manchester and Brooke Bennett) who'll do anything to help their father.

One day Bennett, who must weigh in at about 190 lbs., and Manchester (who's sometimes billed as Tigr) get into a fight. The girls get the bright idea to hold a mud-wrestling match in their backyard, charge admission and give the money to their father. The event is so successful that a slick promoter (Michael Bruce) sets up a match between the beefy Bennett and a professional lady wrestler (Anna Ventura). The sheriff backs the pro while daddy bets the farm on the family hippo. In a totally limp climax, Bennett and Ventura meet breastto-breast and cheek-to-cheek in a hopelessly long, incredibly boring fling in the mud.

What really does the film in, though, is its shoddy, amateur production. The acting is just a cut above junior high; the sex comes off contrived; and the sets are strictly bargain basement. In one typical scene just before the final "big" event, Bruce, holding a fat handful of greenbacks, tells Moore they made a killing at the gate. But when the camera pans the cardboard interior of the "arena," all we see is a line of ten or 12 people-the very same people we saw two scenes earlier at the farm during the first boring wrestling match.

The sex isn't much better. Most of it involves Bennett, who looks like she'd be more at home working the streets of Juarez than as the centerpiece of an erotic film. In one meaty



Sharon Kane and Dan Stephens prefer it hillbilly style in 'Little Girls.'

scene, as she sits astride David Ambrose, the rolls of fat fall around her waist like an um-



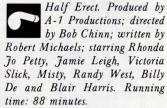
In 'Daddy's Little Girls' beefy Brooke Bennett takes on all comers. brella of flesh. Even Anna Ven-

tura's put on the pounds, which
may be why she appears

unimaginative sex scenes.

All in all, Daddy's Little Girls is too mindless and sexless to really be taken seriously as an erotic work. -R. C.

Baby Cakes



The utterly mindless plot and retarded acting in this movie are almost overcome by a cast of very good-looking ladies and some great sex. Almost. Unfortunately, even some scorchingly hot sex isn't enough to save the ridiculous story and some really terrible dialogue. There are 20-minute loops with more intel-

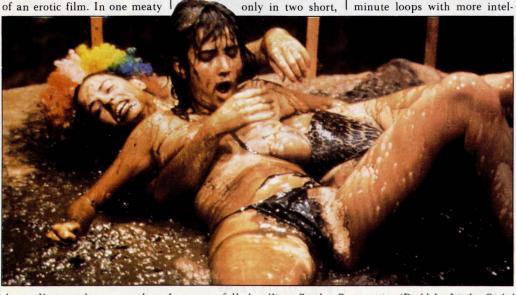
The story-what there is of it-follows a shy bicycle racer (Jamie Leigh) and her two randy girlfriends (Rhonda Jo Petty and Victoria Slick) as they cycle down the coast from San Francisco to Los Angeles. It doesn't take insatiable Petty and Slick long to dig up some sexy fun along the way. At the first hotel they come across, the two pair off with a couple of surfers (Billy De and Blair Harris), leaving shy Leigh alone with dreamy but slow-witted Randy West. While Petty and Slick and their two studs are busy indoors, plugging up every orifice in a sizzling foursome, West and Leigh take a ro-

ligence than this thing has.

mantic walk on the beach. It turns out Leigh has a problem: She's afraid of sex. But Petty has a plan. The next night, while the six of them are camped on the beach, Petty goes into the reluctant Leigh's tent and gets her to take a few sips of wine. It must've been pretty strong stuff, because five minutes later Petty has her tongue between this timid virgin's thighs. Once she has got Leigh nice and lubed, in comes West to finish her off. But first he gives her a long, languid romantic kiss, as though this were a moving scene out of Romeo and Juliet and they were both virgins. Just 30 seconds earlier, Leigh had another woman's fingers shoved four inches up her pussy. There's no explanation for this sudden change, and this lack of realism (or even believable fantasy) pervades the film.

And the production values leave something to be desired too. For example, in the seduction scene between Randy West and Jamie Leigh, somebody must have hid the microphone inside a Coleman lantern. As a result, the entire scene is accompanied by a loud roar, sounding like the inside of a blast furnace.

But the women are something else. Rhonda Jo Petty is still smoking-hot when it comes to getting down. And you still have to do a double take at times to make sure that it's not Farrah Fawcett taking someone's ten inches, so much does Petty resemble Farrah. The biggest surprise is Misty, who steals the show in an incredibly erotic scene with Randy West. This lady may have one of the



Anna Ventura has more than her arms full handling Brooke Bennett in 'Daddy's Little Girls.'



Victoria Slick is titillatingly seductive in this scene from 'Baby Cakes.'

best bodies ever seen on the porn screen—or any screen, for that matter. Even the most jaded porn viewer will be swept away by the energy she puts into her fucking.

If the makers of Baby Cakes were to cut out everything but the sex, they'd have a pretty hot little loop. However, as a full-blown movie, this film isn't worth what you'd pay. -R. C.

All About Annette

Totally Limp. Produced by Simone Lucien; directed by Noel Frank; written by David Webster; starring Annette Haven, Jamie Gillis, Mai Lin, Sharon Thorpe, Jade Wong, Bonnie Holiday, Joey Sivera, Sean Desmond, Pamela Yen, Tres Dover, Tigr, Paul Thomas, Monique Cardin, Heather Fields, Paula Ucello, Michael Ranger and Lisa Lyons. Running time: 83 minutes.

Somebody must have stole the trash bin from the editing room of some back-alley pornographer and then spliced together the leavings at the bottom of the barrel to come up

with this gem. This pseudobiography of porn star Annette Haven is really just an excuse to paste together a few scenes from her older movies along with some tedious, unfocused, completely unrelated interviews with porn stars and directors about what it's like to be in the adult-film biz.

Although All About Annette never had a prayer of being erotic (who can get off on a three-minute fuck scene sandwiched in between 10 minutes of boring dialogue?), it might have been at least interesting to hear from some of the stars we've been watching for years. But the filmmakers even turned the interviews into cheap, amateurish entertainment.

For example, in one scene Tigr (Chelsea Manchester) begins to tell us what it really feels like to kiss another woman onscreen. For a minute you almost think you're going to get a revealing look inside the mind of a porn superstar. But then Tigr turns to her female partner, shoves her tongue in her mouth and treats us to 15 minutes of lame grunting and groaning that wouldn't even fool the

most gullible raincoater.

The other segments are just as phony and immature. Most of the "interviews" consist of the stars talking dirty to the camera, trying to get a rise out of the kinky fringe. Looking straight at the camera, Mai Lin tells about an Adult Film Association party she supposedly attended at Hugh Hefner's Beverly Hills mansion. She went for a swim, she tells us, and dicks just kept popping up all around her. She fucked so many nameless guys that when she opened her thighs for the last cock, a cloud of cum floated to the surface of the water. "I just laughed," she smiles. A real classy chick.

Most of the sex scenes are outtakes of Haven's movies China Girl, A Thousand and One Erotic Nights and A Coming of Angels. Although the scenes could be considered sexy—especially one from China Girl in which she's almost smothered by five women in a sea of mouths and limbs—the clips are so short that you feel like a rube in a peep show.

Always one for group gropes, Annette also appears with three men in yet another outtake quickie from *China Girl*. (Obviously the filmmakers consider this her best movie, since the majority of sex footage is cut from it.) As testimony to her great dexterity, Annette deftly juggles all three cocks at once, filling every hole possible.

Our advice, though, is to pass this one up. -R. C.



Sexy Annette Haven is completely exposed in 'All About Annette.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

All American Girls
Debbie Does Dallas II
Doing It
Indecent Exposure
In Love
Irresistible
Memphis Cat House Blues
Scoundrels
Society Affairs
Talk Dirty to Me, Part II

Three-Quarters Erect

Body Magic
I Like to Watch
Intimate Lessons
Mascara
Midnight Heat
Satisfactions
Taboo II
The Widespread Scandals
of Lydia Lace
Titillation
Touch of Blue
Up 'n' Coming

Half Erect

Liquid Assets
Little Girls Lost
Nightlife
N*U*R*S*E*S of the 407
Oui, Girls
Sorority Sweethearts
The Blonde Next Door
Trashi
Undercovers
White Heat

One-Quarter Erect

Anytime . . . Anyplace Blue Jeans Body Talk Foreplay Fox Holes Peep Holes The Mistress

Totally Limp

Little Orphan Dusty, Part II Starlet Nights The Seductress

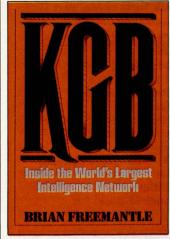
BOOKS

Reviewed by Theodore Sturgeon

KGB

By Brian Freemantle; Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 383 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017; \$14.95.

Author Brian Freemantle writes: "The Soviet Union needs the KGB because without the KGB there would not be a Soviet Union." That's essentially the bottom line of this detailed look at the legendary organization. This expose of the inner workings of "the world's largest intelligence network" and its awesome influence both



inside and outside the Soviet Union is complicated, engrossing and genuinely shocking.

The KGB is roughly equivalent to the American CIA. But its political grip inside Russia is merciless and, apparently, unbreakable. It extends farther than you might think. A powerful example of this organization's eminence, mentioned in the book, is the story of Vladimir Feltsman. An extraordinary concert pianist-recognized by the highest artistic experts as an explosive genius-Feltsman applied for an exit visa to Israel in May 1979, the kind of act that is seriously frowned upon by Russia and one that Feltsman would never forget. Within a month all records and tapes of anything Feltsman had ever recorded were removed from Soviet stores and shops. He couldn't even book a hall to perform in. Then after 18 months of stagnation he got the chance to do a

short tour, beginning in a dust particle of a town located far from his home. When he arrived there, the concert manager had canceled his performance; the posters advertising his concert had "somehow" never arrived from the printer in Moscow. Writes Freemantle: "The KGB does not need assassination, jail, prison or concentration camps to destroy someone it regards as an enemy of the state."

But the most shattering story of all is the KGB's treatment of one of the real heroes of our time, Raoul Wallenberg. A non-Jew who was personally responsible for saving the lives of 100,000 Jews during World War II, Wallenberg is believed to have been incarcerated by the KGB more than 40 years ago—and his whereabouts to this day remain a mystery.

There are a number of fine black-and-white photographs of Soviet scenes and political faces accompanying the startling text. Together they form a fascinating and frightening composition that will make you more fully appreciate the freedoms in *this* country.

The Sex Book Digest

By George Mair; Quill/William Morrow and Co., 105 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; \$8.50.

In his humorous preface author George Mair describes his research for this remarkable book. He tells how he went to the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., to find out how many sex books it had (4,000) and then how many had been published in the last ten years (800). Twenty percent of all the sex books were published in the last ten years!

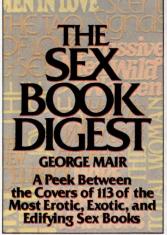
Mair goes on to describe how he waded through sexual texts for nearly a year in order to finally come up with, in his opinion, the cream of the sexually printed crop.

The Sex Book Digest is an acute survey of 113 different titles, many of which have been reviewed in HUSTLER. Mair is a sharp-witted, well-learned man of firm opinions who never loses either his sincerity or sense of humor. And that's a good



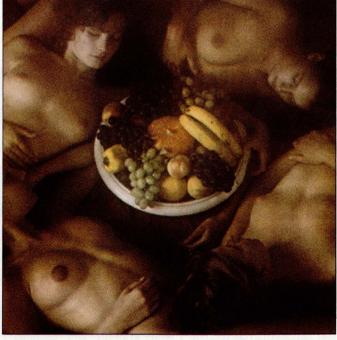
'A Summer in Saint-Tropez' explores the visual eroticism of youth.

quality to have when dealing with such a loaded subject as human sexuality.



The organization of the digest is great. Right at the beginning, he lists all the books according to specific category—"Aphrodisiacs," "Astrology," "Attraction"—in alphabetical order all the way down to "Young Men and Older Women." This is followed by a second alphabetical list of all 113 titles. In the body of the text each book is succinctly described to give you an excellent overview of each title's content and quality. There's a whole lot of information packed into this 300-pluspage volume.

I also like what author Mair says at the end of his preface: "We are solving the technical problems of love and sex but not the human ones. However, as long as we keep working at it, there is hope that we will make some progress toward a more enlightened and rewarding love and sex life." Amen.



An interesting contrast between fruit and flesh in 'Saint-Tropez.'



'Saint-Tropez': The tender intimacy of a provocative pose is captured by photographer David Hamilton.

A Summer in Saint-Tropez

By David Hamilton; William Morrow and Co., 105 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; 19.95.

Like David Hamilton's Bilitis (reviewed here last March), this book is a collection of movie outtakes. It differs from Bilitis, however, in that the pretty pictures are accompanied by stretches of meandering prose. The writing (by an unsigned author) is deadly dry and totally unnecessary to a Hamilton book, where the photographs are the center of attraction.

Although it displays less "skin" than his previous works, this book still has the unmistakable Hamilton stamp: carefully and sensually photographed innocent young girls barely budding with femininity. These lovelies, none of whom have had acting experience, were brought to Saint-Tropez (a beautiful city in the south of France) on a school holiday.

Again and again, Hamilton presents tender and intimate exchanges between the girls. As usual in his work, the subjects seem totally unselfconscious, even unaware that there's a photographer present... an effect only this artist seems able to achieve. This unposed quality is most evident in a series of photos of a tamely erotic pillow-fight between sex-playful

maidens. Most stimulating.

Saint-Tropez is an admirable addition to a catalog of books by a photographer whose sense of style can't be imitated.

All About the New STDs

By Hans H. Neumann, M.D., with Sylvia Simmons; Acropolis Books Ltd., 2400 17th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20009; \$12.95.

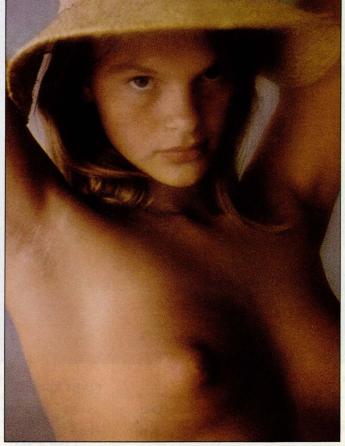
Here's a fine and badly needed little book about a serious subject that gains more public interest as each day passes—STDs, or Sexually Transmitted Diseases. And this text introduces you to the "newest" entries in the dismal diary of socially contracted ailments.

The fact is, we are facing not just one epidemic but several of them at the same time. Herpes is getting a lot of press now, and there's new talk of possible cures; one such revolutionary treatment is described in last month's Sex Play column right here in this magazine. And another novice nasty, AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome), which found mention in the June 1983 HUSTLER, is on everyone's tongue. But if you were asked what the most common STD is nowadays, your answer would probably be incorrect. The most-common venereal infecthis book, is something called chlamydia—an obnoxious organism that affects three times more individuals than gonorrhea. (Chlamydia is a nasty condition producing a variety of symptoms ranging from inflammation of the prostate

gland to a whitish discharge from the penis.) Among college students, in fact, chlamydia is ten times more common than gonorrhea.

One of the many good things about this book is Dr. Neumann's touch of whimsysomething not easily achieved when dealing with such a depressing subject as disease. In pointing out that the word venereal comes from the name of the Roman goddess of love, Venus, he says: "Logically, then, having a venereal illness should mean 'lovesick.' Of course, it's impossible to be lovesick and have a venereal disease at the same time. The combination doesn't make for much happiness." Dr. Neumann also reports about the time he was introduced for a lecture by a man who listed his many qualifications. Said the moderator: "I give you Dr. Neumann, the man responsible for all venereal disease in New Haven.'

This isn't a scare book. It isn't a morality book. It isn't a scientific book full of jawbreaking words. It is, however, a valuable, well-written book devoted to saving you a lot of pain and grief. I highly recommend it.



tion these days, according to Saint-Tropez': The gentle, innocent stare of a young French schoolgirl.



Phone Number (Include Area Code)

Canadian Subscriptions Not Accepted!



She sits just across the room from you-long, shapely legs crossed high on her thigh. Thick blond hair falls around her shoulders, brushing the tops of her breasts, which bulge from beneath her low-cut blouse. Her skin is as smooth as cream. She's the most beautiful creature you've ever seen. But what you feel is more than lust; it's a deeper, more special feeling. You're already falling in love. When you talk to her, you can feel your heart in your throat. The palms of your hands are sweaty; your blood's racing through your veins. You feel dizzy, high. Can this really be love? It seems more like you've taken some kind of drug.

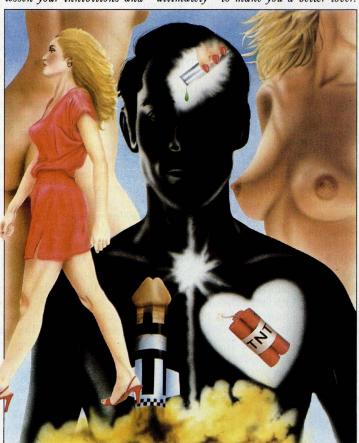
Well, that's not far from the truth. If you thought love was all red wine and roses, just a sentimental affair of the heart, you're in for a big surprise. Most of what's turning you on to that blond bombshell is a lot of chemicals and hormones pinballing around inside your body, doing a tap dance on just about everything but your heart.

Revolutionary new findings in medical science suggest that the magical feeling we call "falling in love" is actually the result of a complex biological system of nerves, glands, hormones and sex centers in the brain. For example, Dr. John Money of Johns Hopkins Hospital has found that patients who've had their pituitary

glands (a small gland in the brain) removed are unable to fall in love, even though their sexual functions remain normal. Because the pituitary is deep inside the brain, nerve strands in adjacent areas are often damaged during surgery. Money thinks that these nerve pathways near the pituitary produce substances "that induce what people refer to as falling in love." When these nerve strands no longer function properly, the patient is incapable of that feeling.

The kind of love we're talking about isn't "mature" love, or the long-term emotion we feel after the hormones have cooled off—the feelings we have for a spouse, for example. What we're referring to here is what scientists are calling

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a better lover.



CHEMISTRY OF LOVE

by Leonard Sellers

limerance—that giddy, crazy, hollow-inthe-pit-of-the-stomach sensation we feel when we first fall head over heels for somebody. According to biologist Bernard Goldstein, this initial romantic love is probably a manifestation or byproduct of erotic arousal. The same biological systems that go into action to make us feel horny also cause us to feel this "love."

Researchers have found that this state of limerance lasts on the average up to two years, if we stay with the same person, before "cooling down" into mature love. In other words, every time we see our ladylove and we feel the ol' heart flutter, our body is dumping chemicals into our system like there's no tomorrow.

So what happens when we fall in love? Well, in order to understand this chemistry of love, we have to start with the brain. The brain has three separate systems that control the different aspects of sex. There's one system to control erection, and another, different system to control orgasm. Then there is a third system, called the libidinal (from the Latin for lust), that controls desire. Scientists believe this is the system that makes us feel what we call love.

Now let's go back to that blonde at the beginning and see how the system works step by step. The libidinal can be broken roughly into three stages. When the blonde first walked into the room, her breasts jiggling beneath that low-cut blouse, she caught your eye immediately and, at the same time, kicked in the first stage of your libidinal system. In this stage, the incoming stimulus (in this case, the blonde) is evaluated by a part of the brain called the neocortex, which decides whether what you are seeing, smelling or feeling is sexy or not.

Of course, this decision is subjective and differs from person to person, depending on the individual's natural inclination and experience. For example, the smell of scented soap can be very sexy for people who've had wonderful experiences in the bathtub. On the other hand, for those who've had

their mouths washed out with soap for saying dirty words, soap isn't going to be much of a turn-on.

At the instant your neocortex got a load of the beautiful blonde, it sent a message "full-speed ahead" to your limbic system. The limbic system is part of the libidinal and is composed of a network of nerve strands and "sex centers" that are located in the rim of the brain in a region called the limbus. From an evolutionary standpoint, the limbus is a very old, very basic part of the brain that governs primal behavior related to individual survival. The limbus decides when you will stand and fight and when you will run. It also governs sexual desire and, in turn, our feelings of love.

By the time the blonde crossed the room to talk to you, the second stage of the libidinal system had already begun, and the sex centers in your limbus were in full swing. These sex centers act like switching terminals; they turn the libidinal system on and off by releasing chemicals (called neurotransmitters) that carry messages to other parts of the brain. When the limbic system is turned on, the sex centers release a chemical called dopamine, which sets in motion all parts of the brain that control desire. When the system wants to turn itself off, it releases a chemical called serotonin, which shuts down the other parts of the libidinal system.

This may sound like a lot of technical mumbo-jumbo, but it can make a big difference to you. For instance, researchers have found that a large carbohydrate meal will increase the amount of amino acids in the brain, which in turn will stimulate the production of serotonin. And once serotonin enters your system, it shuts down the sex centers faster than a Baptist sermon. So, if you're looking forward to a lively night, lay off the spaghetti. And whatever you do, don't let her order it.

Here's another tip. Ever notice how you start feeling kind of sexy when the lights are low—at a cocktail lounge or a nightclub? Well, there's a reason for it.

When light strikes the eye's retina, it influences the pinea gland's production of a hormone called melatonin. This hormone helps determine the brain's output of serotonin. When you turn down the lights, you are, quite literally, changing your lady's body chemistry by lowering the production of serotonin.

But back to that gorgeous blonde. Now that she's got your limbic system turned on, the sex centers send messages to switch on the hypothalamus (a region in the brain that controls metabolism). Once the hypothalamus is activated, stage three begins. In this stage the hypothalamus signals the pituitary gland to release a hormone called gonadotrophin. This hormone sends a message to the gonads to begin producing other sex hormones, which get you ready to have an erection. Once this happens you're beyond desire-you're ready (from a physiological point of view) to spread that blonde out on the floor right then.

The whole time you've been talking to this lady, however, your libidinal system was doing a lot more than just getting you ready to mate. For one thing, it's been making you feel really good by pumping lots of natural drugs into your body. And this warm, ecstatic feeling we get from all these chemicals is partially responsible for the giddiness we associate with romantic love.

When your limbic system began sending out messages of desire, it also kicked in the brain's production of endorphins. Endorphins have almost the exact molecular structure as morphine, and they act upon the body in much the same manner, deadening pain and creating an intense euphoric feeling.

This natural drug is one reason people get so "buzzed" on being in love, and it raises the interesting question of whether some people can become "addicted" to love in the same way others become addicted to morphine or heroin. It may be that those people who have a compulsive need to change relationships frequently, who are constantly falling in and out of love, are actually trying to get their regular endorphin "fix."

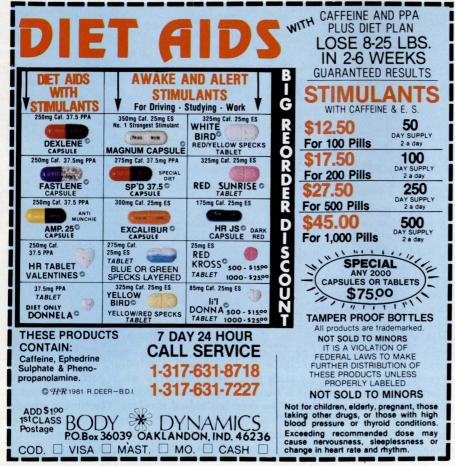
In addition to pumping in endorphins at this stage, your limbic system was also stimulating your pleasure centers. These pleasure centers are localized spots in the brain that produce euphoric sensations. In a number of experiments with rats, researchers implanted electrodes into the animals' pleasure centers and then wired those electrodes to buttons. Given the choice to push the button or to push a similar-looking button for food and water, the rats invariably passed up the food and water for the ecstatic jolt of the pleasure button. The rats slowly died, but they felt good about it.

Your limbic system was also increasing your body's manufacture of phenylethylamine, a natural antidepressant. You've heard of people going on a chocolate binge after breaking up with a lover. Well, there may be more to that than just self-indulgence. There's evidence that when you end an affair, the body cuts back its production of this mood elevator, which may be one of the reasons you feel depressed during a breakup. Since scientists suspect chocolate may contain this same antidepressant, gorging on chocolate might be one way of replacing this chemical.

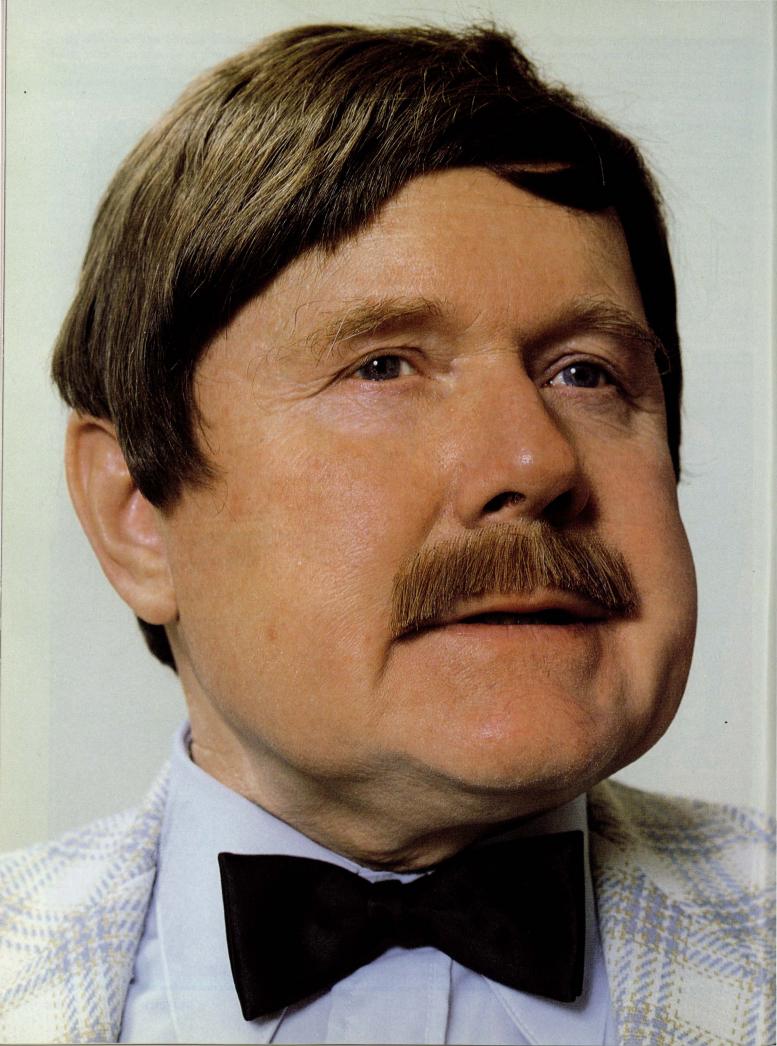
By the time the blonde had introduced herself to you, your libidinal system had also increased your production of testosterone, the male sex hormone. Men who have low levels of testosterone have few sex fantasies, few erections and a very low sex drive. When this hormone starts pouring into your system, it works like an aphrodisiac.

And before you even said a word to this lovely woman, your limbic system had switched on the autonomic nervous system. That's the part of your nervous system that takes over during physical activity. Your heart rate went up, your blood pressure jumped sky high, and your pulse and breathing increased. No wonder you could hardly talk.

(continued on page 134)







TIM O'HARA

"Our Slogan Is Sex By Eight Or Else It's Too Late."

* A middle-aged Long Island, New York, couple is arrested on the charge of operating a \$250,000-a-year porn-photo ring featuring child models—the oldest of whom was 14. The husband, an inventor and electronics expert, had photographed his own 3½-year-old daughter having sex with adults.

* The head of a Los Angeles, California, preschool is convicted of supervising sexual activity among the small children in his charge. Evidence at his trial included batches of intimate photos he'd persuaded the young-

sters to bose for.

* Following a raid on a cottage that uncovers three imprisoned boys in their early teens, Massachusetts police arrest two men in their 20s who are former officers of NAMBLA—the North American Man-Boy Love Association—a homosexual group whose name explains its purpose. "Clearly [NAMBLA's] ac-

tivity is organized. It is national, and it involves a great many people," says the district attorney who headed the investigation. "Everybody everywhere is

horrified.'

The sexual exploitation of children—a sickening phenomenon increasingly on the rise—has become one of the most controversial issues in America today. Nuclear disarmament and Reaganomics will provoke heated arguments; but start talking about kids having sex with adults, and you may be in for a fistfight.

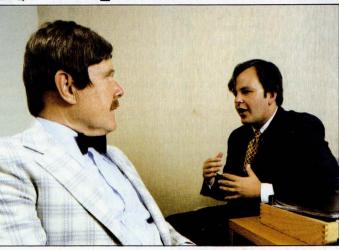
Public attention finally began to focus on the unsavory

subject in the late 1970s. At that time Brooke Shields and Jodie Foster had made headlines by playing preteen prostitutes in the films Pretty Baby and Taxi Driver. As often happens, Hollywood helped people wake up to what was happening in real life.

The National Center on Child Abuse estimates that 12% of the more than 1 million child-abuse cases reported each year involves such forms of sexual behavior as sodomy, oral copulation and fornication.

The North American Man-Boy Love Association is not the only organized group of adults who feel the issue of children and sex is a two-sided question. Another is the Childhood Sensuality Circle, based in San Diego, California, and run by self-described

by Ben Pesta



Ben Pesta (right) challenges child-sex advocate Tim O'Hara's astonishing views.

"cultural midwife" Valida Davila—a wrinkled old woman who distributes photographs of herself posing nude with naked young boys.

"We consider sexual relationships that span wide age differences to be neither good nor bad," says the organization's literature. "It depends on the enjoyment of those

involved."

The most established sex-for-and-with-kids advocates, a group that's been most consistently in the thick of the child-sex debate, are members of the Rene Guyon Society. Formed 21 years ago, the organization takes its name from a French anthropologist who wrote such books as Sex Life and Sex Ethics and Sexual Freedom. Guyon believed that a general relaxation of sexual taboos would be beneficial to society. He died before the association was formed. Admirers named

their group in memory of Guyon, having neither his sponsorship

nor his approval.

The Guyon Society, which is based in Los Angeles, claims "5,000 supporters—psychiatrists, parents, physicians, singles." Its slogan is "Sex by year eight, or else it's too late." Not surprisingly, the group is scorned by virtually every aspect of society.

The common bond that links all of these groups is not just the concept that sexual repression is a dangerous thing—a valid idea that HUSTLER has long championed. Rather, they have twisted and perverted the idea to mean that sexual exploitation of children by adults is acceptable behavior—a concept that HUSTLER totally opposes.

So does Lloyd Martin, a former Los Angeles police detective who established that city's sexually exploited-child unit. "These people claim that pedophilia—sexual attraction to children—is not sick but a way of life," he says. "But in my opinion, pedophilia is the worst crime of all—worse than homicide or armed robbery or burglary. A crime against a child has no equal."

Tim O'Hara, editor of the Rene Guyon Society's newsletter, vehemently disagrees. "Children have a greater sexual drive than adults do," he maintains. "People must be made aware of the discovery of Freud and others that children should have sex at a very early age to be mentally healthy."

The 59-year-old retired aerospace engineer was born in Chicago, where he received his early education. During World War II he served on a minesweeper in the Far East. After V-J Day he went to college in California and earned a bachelor's degree in engineering. O'Hara later became involved in the U.S. space program and worked at Vandenberg Air Force Base, the major West Coast testing center for missiles.

In the early 1960s he attended a meeting that changed his life. "I went to a lecture about adult sexual reforms," O'Hara remembers. "I raised certain questions to the lady who was lecturing. Afterward a group of people came up and surrounded me and said, 'You're just the person we've been looking for because you know how to do things with the legislature and you know how to organize.'"

The people who approached him were members of the Guyon Society. O'Hara became active in the group and has remained so ever since. He has made hundreds of public appearances (including radio and TV guest shots) on his association's behalf. O'Hara has also testified before legislative bodies debating child-pornography and anti-child-sex laws. Some of his remarks have been printed in the Congressional Record.

Anxious to give his outspoken views the widest possible audience, the child-sexuality activist—who has never married and has no children—agreed to speak with journalist Ben Pesta at HUSTLER's Los Angeles head-quarters. The editors believe that what follows is one of the most astonishing interviews we have ever printed.

HUSTLER: What are the Rene Guyon Society's major goals?

O'HARA: Changing the sex laws to legalize the anal and vaginal penetration of children after four years of age—if the child consents and a condom is used. In that way we're different from the North American Man-Boy Love Association. They have no interest in promoting the use of contraceptives. We also

feel that if children want to be masturbated by adults, then let them be masturbated. And we'd like to see oral sex for children.

HUSTLER: You must be out of your

mind. How can you possibly hope to change existing laws designed to protect children from that kind of behavior?

O'HARA: By influencing public opinion. For example, we have contacted members of the California state legislature, and some of them have told us, "Of course we'll go along with you once

"Our major goal is to change the sex laws to legalize the anal and vaginal penetration of children after age four..."

you get public opinion behind you." HUSTLER: That's hard to believe. Can you name just one legislator who has made a statement like that?

O'HARA: I'm not free to say. But don't underestimate our influence. There was a California legislator who would not allow us to testify at a hearing on child sex abuse. We worked hard to make sure that he was never reelected, and he was defeated in the next election.

HUSTLER: How many children have you had sex with?

O'HARA: None. I don't get personally involved with children.

HUSTLER: Have you or any other society members ever been convicted of a sex crime?

O'HARA: No, never. None of our members are lawbreakers, nor have any of them ever been arrested. That's a membership requirement. By keeping the Guyon Society an organization of lawabiding citizens, we get more prestige with the law changers in the state capital and Washington. Our credibility is demonstrated by the fact that we have lectured at the Los Angeles Police Academy in front of people who run the child-sex-abuse unit. We've also talked to the class for advanced peace officers at the University of Southern California, and about one-third of the class requested our literature.

HUSTLER: Your literature indicates you now have 5,000 members.

O'HARA: It's hard to say how many people we have. We don't charge dues. Our supporters come and go. It's like church membership. When we got to 5,000 people—that was ten years ago—we stopped counting and put that figure on our letterhead. We communicate with one another through newsletters

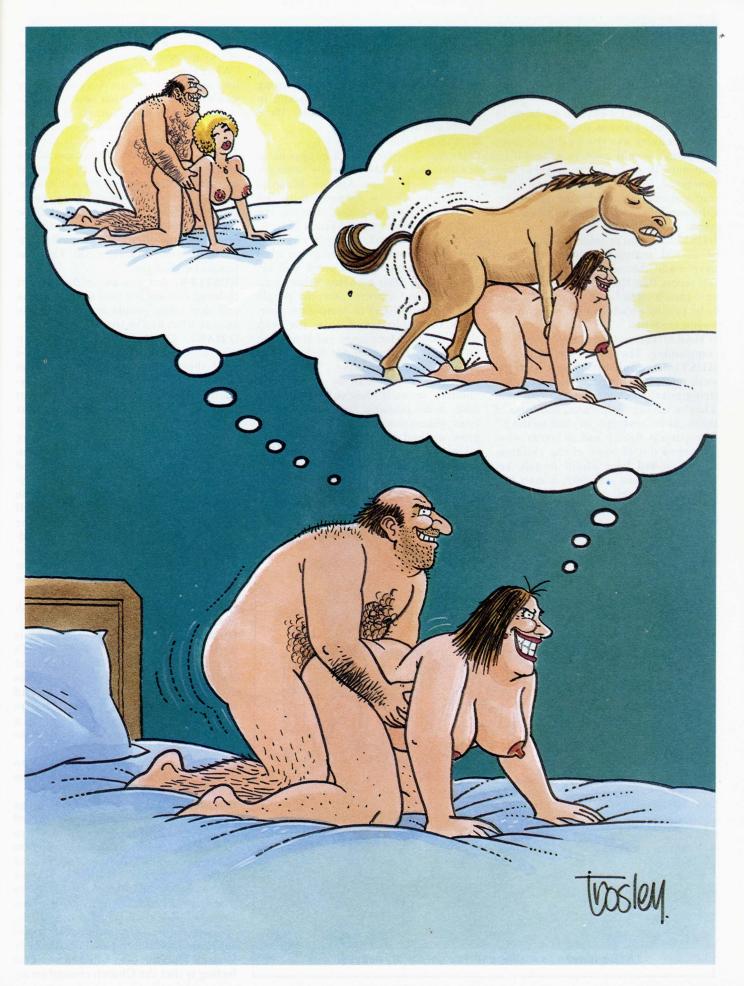
and individual correspondence. I get so many people sending me fan letters, it's like being a movie star. We collect information from all over. Scientists in the United States and around the world send in their data, and people send us clippings from newspapers and magazines. So we know more about the subject of children and sex than any one person does.

HUSTLER: Does the Guyon Society have any kind of identifying symbol?

O'HARA: Yes, it's on our letterhead. It's a picture of a girl putting on her stocking and a boy combing his hair in the mirror. We took our slogan, "Sex by the year eight, or else it's too late," from a *Life* magazine article that appeared in 1962—the year when we started. The article was written by reporters who went through Sirhan Sirhan's background. They visited his old neighborhood in Iran and found that his

mother was narrow-minded and rigid, and he wasn't allowed to play even with boys when he was young. His mother kept him from social contacts of any sort. He became a victim of body guilt. HUSTLER: But Sirhan was a Jordanian. And nobody wrote articles about him until he killed Robert F. Kennedy in 1968.

O'HARA: Still, this question of body guilt-and by that I mean sexual repression-is critical. A child first gets body guilt in the crib, when the mother spanks its hand for masturbating. The Communists and all dictators have used body guilt. Hitler used it to call things "obscene" and "unholy." Even the Pope recently said that we must keep children's bodies holy and unblemished. Psychiatrists have said for 80 years that body guilt is the cause of our society's many woes. Unless we wipe body guilt out of the human psyche, we're going to have a continuing crime wave, drug abuse and other things that are characteristic of unsound and unhappy minds. HUSTLER: You've given a lot of lectures and made many personal appearances during the past 20 years. What sort of questions do audiences ask you? O'HARA: The main one is "What makes you think that children have the knowledge to consent to sexual activity?" That question is framed in terms of today's sex laws. What we want to see is a change in the laws so that children can have sex at a very early age, and so their parents can encourage them to have sex with the children next door or with other friends of the family. That way children will not go out and constantly look for sexual contact with strangers and with irresponsible people such as drunks and vagrants, as is the case right now.



HUSTLER: Let's play devil's advocate for a moment. Suppose it came to your attention that your four-year-old child had his first sexual experience with the next-door neighbor. How would you handle that?

O'HARA: First, I'd explain to the child that the times are changing, but that this sort of activity was not legal right now, and people would get sore at him if he continued it. As far as the neighbor was concerned, I'd assume he was just ignorant and unaware of what he was doing. I'd warn him, and if he didn't stop, I'd phone the police.

HUSTLER: You're undoubtedly aware of several sexual-initiation cases that have made the news recently, such as the report that the headmaster of a private preschool in Los Angeles was found to be pairing up adults with his innocent young students.

O'HARA: Yes, and the children were not complaining. They didn't feel harmed.

HUSTLER: Bullshit! Their parents were quoted as saying, "We'd been noticing puzzling changes in our children. They're having nightmares, and some of them have reverted to bed-wetting." The parents finally had to worm what happened out of some of the children. The kids had been afraid to talk because, in at least one case, a man had said, "If you tell anyone about this,

we're going to come and get you."

O'HARA: But not all of the kids felt this way. Only four or five of them felt they were traumatized. That was more from not knowing what was right and wrong and not seeing it on television and in magazines as being acceptable. Have you heard of SLAM?

HUSTLER: No.

O'HARA: They're our chief opponents in California. SLAM originally stood for Stronger Legislation Against Molestation. Now they've changed it to Society's League Against Molesters. We call it Society's League Against Maturity. The woman who runs it is a nice lady, but it's never occurred to her what the real outcome of her work will be. Just recently their lobbying helped pass legislation in California whereby people who are babysitters or temporary guardians of children and have sex with these children face more jail time than an ordinary citizen. SLAM feels they've accomplished something. What they don't realize is that by suppressing children sexually they've actually created more potential molesters in the next generation, when these children grow up and become molesters themselves and go out searching for children-possibly harming them.

Most so-called molestation cases don't conform to the accepted definition of

molestation anyhow. They really involve the child going out and asking for sex so many times that the adult says, "What the hell, I might as well." And then somebody discovers it—somebody who's jealous, a neighbor or a relativeand this man's life is ruined. He has to be on an index of all molesters and sexlaw violators for the rest of his life-or her life. In about 90% of the cases where people get arrested, the child pleads for sexual gratification, and the adults cannot stand the child's pleadings anymore. Their resistance collapses. But the law says the child should not be gratified, even when the desire to be sexually gratified originated with the child. That law should be changed.

HUSTLER: Are you aware the issue of children and sex is a very emotional one and that many people are passionately against what you're trying to do?

O'HARA: Oh, yes. I met one woman who said, "I'd rather have my child dead than have her engage in sexual activity." Now, that's really being psychotic on the matter. The important thing to note is that those who most vigorously oppose us are not enlightened 20th-century psychiatrists. They're psychologists - or people with no scientific background at all. Some of these psychologists are real hopeless cases trying to be experts on something they do not care to study the background on. If they did, they would logically reach the conclusions we have made: that childhood sexual suppression creates murders, rapes, suicides and most of the rest of what the police department works on day in and day out.

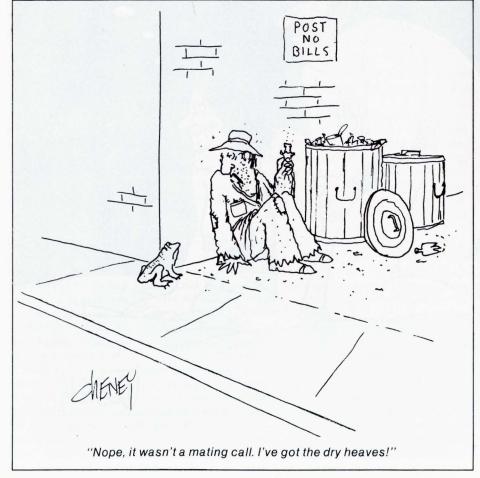
HUSTLER: Why do you place such faith in so-called 20th-century psychiatrists?

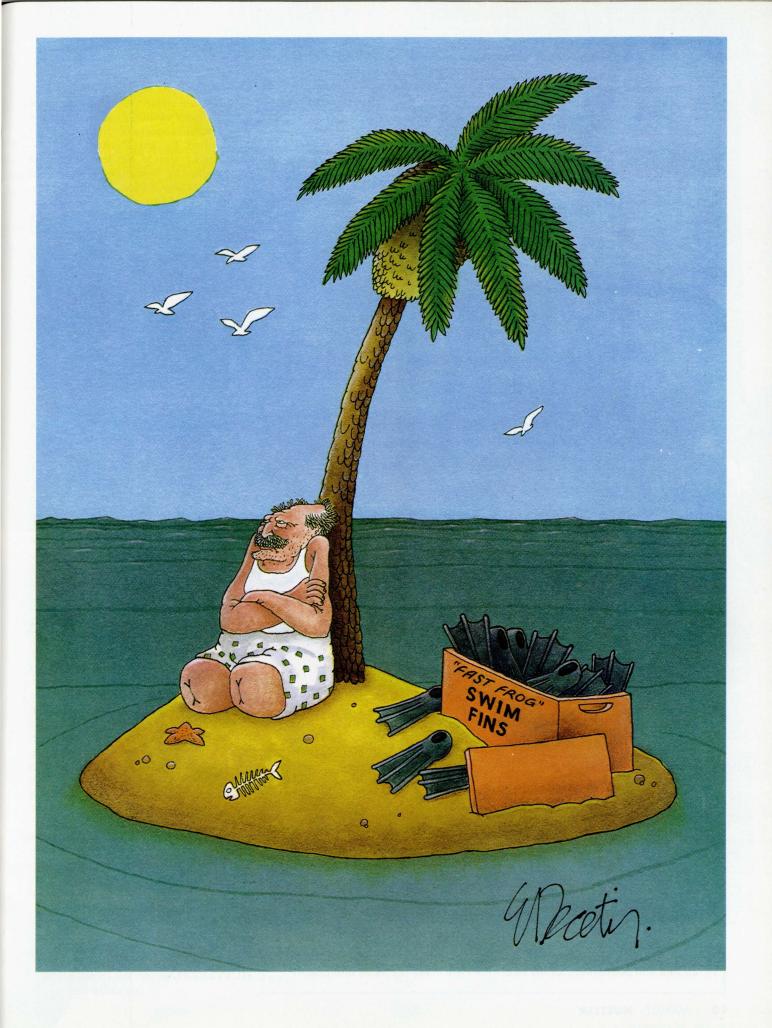
O'HARA: Because these individuals were trained by students of Freud's original group—which discovered that body guilt at a very young age causes a person to become antisocial and to strike out at the world, or even to become so suicidal and have such a clogged-up mind that he really does commit suicide.

HUSTLER: What does chastity have to do with encouraging children to become suicidal?

O'HARA: That was one of the things Freud found out. If a person gets mixed up enough, his subconscious can turn him against society. It can also turn him against himself so that there's a trauma inside the brain, and it's just logical for him to end it all. There can be severe battles inside the subconscious between the ideas of sexuality and antisexuality.

Freud's group also found that sexual suppression—which goes back to early Church doctrine—was inhuman. Our feeling is that the Church created an ar-





tificial form of sinfulness when it originated body guilt way back in 400 A.D. A book written by Chabanez says that Saint Monica-Saint Augustine's mother-came up with the idea. She kept after her son for years and years and finally was able to convince him to add the concept of body guilt to Church thinking. As a result, she was sainted by the Church. The whole point of making people—especially children—feel guilty about their bodies and about sex is that they will be induced to come to the Church on most problems of life, especially those that are caused by body guilt.

HUSTLER: Saint Augustine's major works—The City of God, Confessions and The Enchiridion on Faith, Hope and Love—don't contain a single word about what you call body guilt.

O'HARA: The Church has never published this except in Saint Augustine, the book written by Chabanez. The theory is not passed down from priest to novice in the written form; it's passed verbally. Chabanez's book has the validation of the Church on its front cover, which means that the Church agreed to publish it. I'm sure this book is going to be suppressed now that I've mentioned it.

HUSTLER: Have you or other members of the Rene Guyon Society been persecuted because of your strange views?

O'HARA: It seems like the vast majority of people seem to be on our side. HUSTLER: You've got to be kidding.

O'HARA: Well, in 20 years we've received only 12 negative letters. And five of them came all at one time, apparently from the congregation of a single preacher. So that's not many people who object to our views. Also, whenever we publish our newsletter we always include our address—256 South Robertson Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90211—so people can write in. But the negative letters never come.

HUSTLER: Just because someone hasn't chosen to write to the society doesn't necessarily mean he agrees with you. Surely you've seen the many magazine articles, newspaper editorials and TV shows describing people such as yourself as sick and depraved. Many of them lump you together with child pornographers. Are you personally familiar with kiddie porn?

O'HARA: I haven't seen any in the past two years, since they've been taken off the shelves and out of the bookstores.

HUSTLER: But you've seen it before? O'HARA: Oh, yes, some of it. But it was also artistic. You know, educational, erotic.

HUSTLER: What's the Guyon Society's position on child pornography?

O'HARA: We see the rise of child porn

as the dawn of a new age of enlightenment. Child porn quickens the day when laws will allow child sex if contraceptives are used. Crime, dope abuse, alcoholism and suicide will all be things of the past once children's minds become free of sexual anxiety. Puritan goals will be reached by anti-Puritan methods. Child porn should be legalized if it shows condoms being used during anal and vaginal penetration. In other words, the porn should be graphically illustrative of what we believe in. And I hope the day will come when HUSTLER will show cartoons on child sexuality.

HUSTLER: That will be a cold day in hell.

O'HARA: Even so, I can think of one such cartoon immediately. It would show a dancing school for little, tiny children, and the boys and girls would all be naked. A mother would bring in her child, who's dressed normally, to be enrolled in the school. The ballet teacher would say, "Yes, we were the first dance school not to have the kids wear clothes." In any event, the law isn't against child sexuality in a cartoon; it's only when there's a real, live human being involved. This carries the terrible message that sex is something terrible for children, that sex is terrible—period. We've had 15 centuries of this kind of thinking, and now is the time to call a halt to it. Prisons are overflowing with convicts whose conduct can be traced back to revolting against the sex repression of their childhoods.

HUSTLER: What was your childhood like?

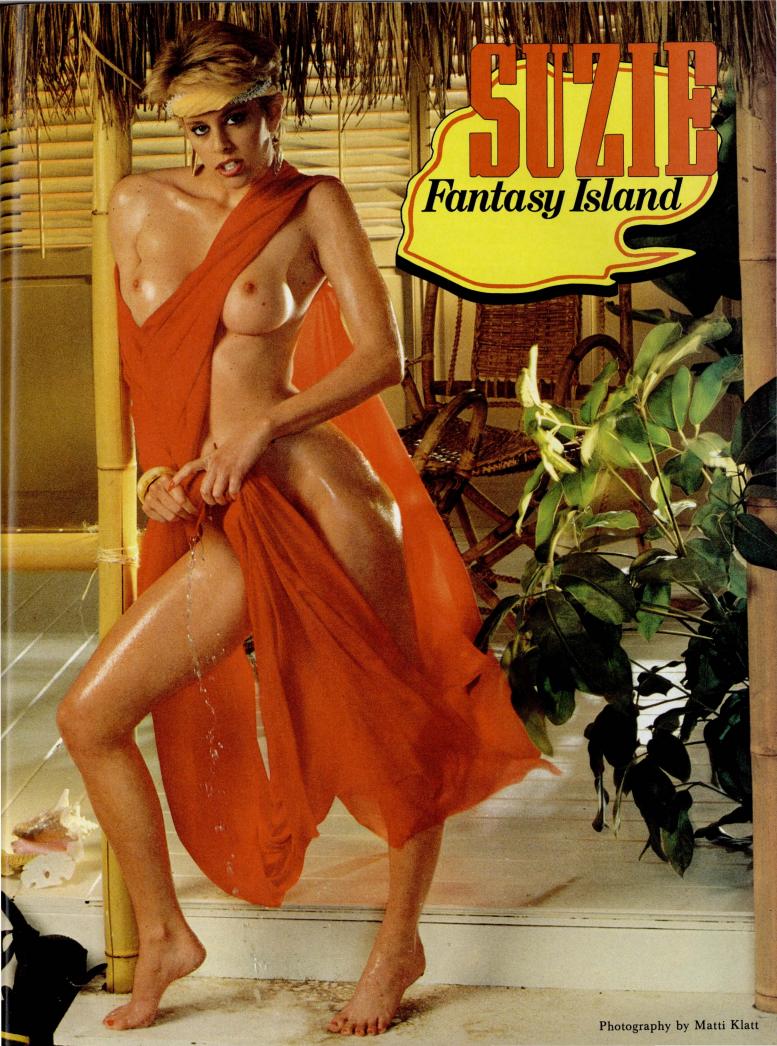
O'HARA: I remember sexual desires in kindergarten. In first and second grade my mind used to wander, thinking about how I could satisfy those desires. It was hell, and I wouldn't want other children to go through this if I can possibly help it. Some children just cannot get sex off their minds long enough to absorb education. If we could have a sexual culture where child sex is commonplace, these children would start being scholars and would cost us less to put through public school. Teachers would not have to say things over and over again, trying to get through the drifting of their minds. America has everything except sexual freedom for children, and the time has come to blow the whistle on religious crazies who demand that the laws stay as they are and who-as a result-create great amounts of criminality.

HUSTLER: How does your family feel about the Guyon Society?

O'HARA: They all died before I became involved.

HUSTLER: Can you tell us some details (continued on page 48)

















(continued from page 40)

about your family background?

O'HARA: We were very religious, pillars of the Episcopal church at a large Chicago cathedral. My mother taught me as a child to be very strict against sexuality. But my mother was also a rational woman; so she told me, "Daddy and I may be wrong about this; so keep an open mind when you grow up." It's a shame that I had to be brought up as a pre-Victorian. In a way, I've lived a wasted life sexually. The girls I met who wanted to marry me all felt they had a big problem about early-childhood sex suppression. Let's hope my generation is the last to suffer like this. Perhaps by helping people who want to change, my life won't be a total waste.

HUSTLER: Would you have conducted your sex life any differently had there been no age-of-consent laws?

O'HARA: Positively. And I would have had a happy life. I don't feel I have had a happy life now.

HUSTLER: Does the Guyon Society think that all age-of-consent laws should simply be abolished?

O'HARA: Yes. We should start from zero. Right now, since everything is taboo, there's no way of finding out if there are ages when sex is dangerous for

kids. One lady who did research on child-adult sexuality had to use people who were referred to her through the district attorney's office in the San Francisco Bay area. She found those children not to be neurotic when she first studied them. Fifteen years later, when they were adults, a second study showed no disadvantage of having sexual activity. In fact-according to psychiatrist Karl Menninger-they seemed to be "distinguished and unusually charming and attractive in their outward personalities." HUSTLER: The study you're referring to-"The Reaction of Children to Sexual Relations with Adults"-was done way back in 1937. It was conducted in New York, not San Francisco. And you must know, of course, that virtually every other study done since then has concluded that sex with adults is harmful to

O'HARA: I have not heard of any other studies. If you know of any, I'd certainly like to read them.

HUSTLER: How about "Child Sex Initiation Rings," by Burgess, Groth and McCausland? It was published in 1981 in the American Journal of Orthopsychiatry.

O'HARA: I know those authors well. They are psychologists who are just mouthing what they heard from their parents. They haven't done any research on the matter.

HUSTLER: But they interviewed 35 children who'd been victims of adult-led sex-initiation rings. And they learned that these child-victims showed physical symptoms, such as stomachaches, headaches and urinary-tract infections; psychological symptoms, including bad dreams, difficulty sleeping and nervousness; social symptoms, such as fighting, stealing, not wanting to go to school and poor grades; and behavioral symptoms-chiefly withdrawal. They noted that the adults who organized such rings were often people in positions of authority over the children, such as a schoolbus driver, a Boy Scout leader and an uncle. These researchers concluded, "As the child matures, he (or she) ultimately realizes that he has been betrayed by someone who was trusted."

O'HARA: Yes, but they do not realize that children have a sexual drive. They don't have any scientific background for what they're saying. There hasn't been anything in a hundred years to prove that Freud and his group of psychiatrists were wrong.

HUSTLER: In the past several years, a number of books have been published by writers who had long, incestuous relationships with their fathers. Among them are Kiss Daddy Goodnight, by Louise Armstrong, and Father's Days: A True Story of Incest by Katherine Brady. These women now feel themselves to have been betrayed and victimized by their fathers' coercing them into sex.

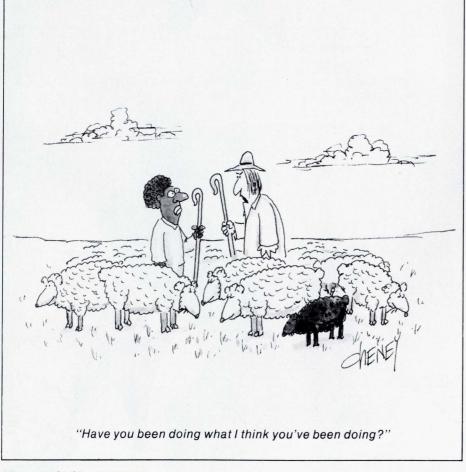
O'HARA: Are these really written by that type of person, or are they written by ghostwriters?

HUSTLER: The authors are real incest victims.

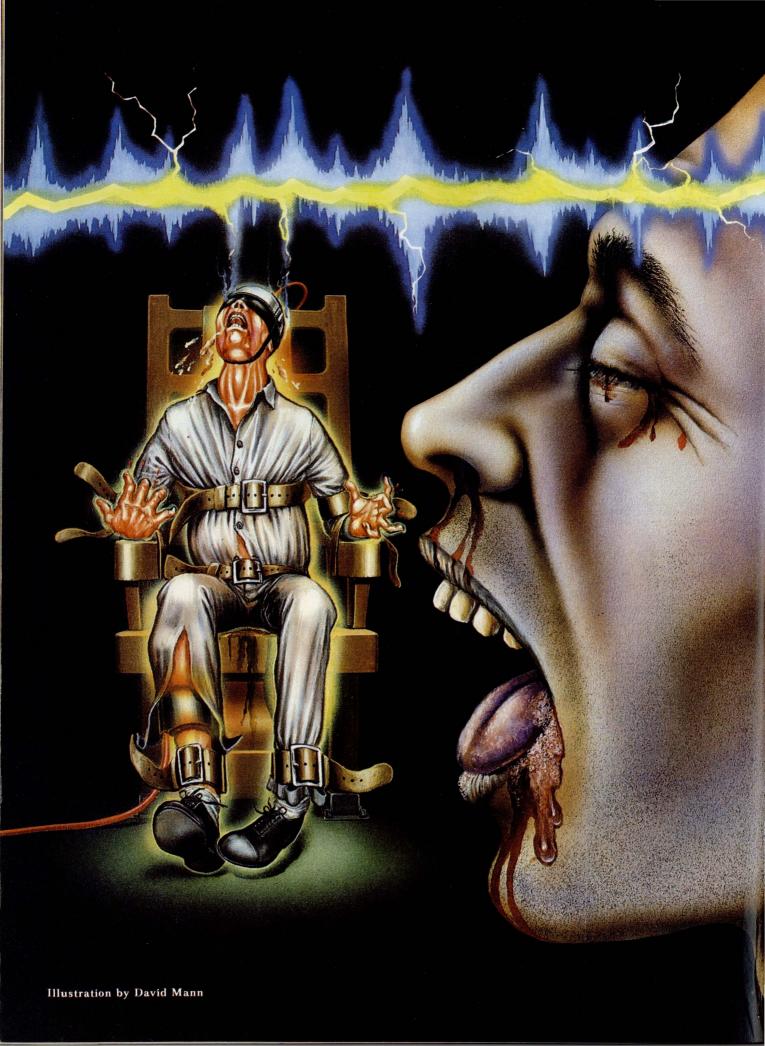
O'HARA: Well, people can be disturbed by one thing and misinterpret it as being something else. They can become very disturbed by sexual activity with an adult when they were children. But what they're really disturbed about is not having sexual activity all through their childhood.

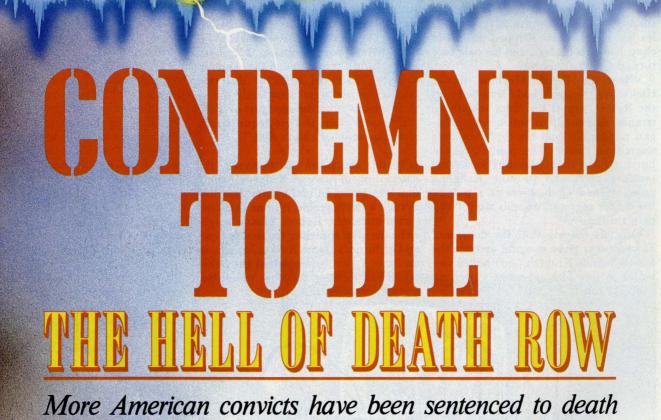
HUSTLER: You're missing the point again. These authors weren't a bit disturbed about not having had enough sex as young girls. They were disturbed about having had too much of it, that they had it with their fathers and that incest profoundly disrupted their subsequent lives. Does the Guyon Society have an official position on incest?

O'HARA: Yes. We feel that incest without a condom should be unlawful. Incest with condoms should become lawful. But we also feel that incest itself may disappear if children can have sex with the children next door and no longer have to bother their parents for sexual release. Then those children will grow (continued on page 134)









rism? Listen to the men who are waiting to die...

REPORT BY GLENN HUNTER

than ever before, and the torrent of executions is about to

begin. But is capital punishment a necessary deterrent to

felony crime—or a pointless act of unspeakable barba-

nside the Death Chamber at Florida's Raiford State Prison a five-time rapist named George Kruger was strapped into the electric chair and allowed to make a final statement. "Please . . . please!" the condemned man shrieked. "I can't stand this! It's going to hurt! . . . I can't stand it!"

His pleas were of no avail. Moments later the executioner jerked the Death Switch to the left, sending 2,250 raw volts of current crashing into the prisoner's shaved skull. Several lethal cycles of high- and low-range electricity snapped Kruger's fingers at the knuckles like twigs. Urine dripped down the chair between his legs, and his pale face turned a pinkish-purple.

When the Death Machine finally clicked off, Kruger's body slumped into the leather straps. But then something strange happened; his broken fingers began to tremble, and his thin shoulders started to heave. The prison warden burst into the room, shouting for the attending physician to take Kruger's pulse. "Good God-there is a pulse," the doctor reported seconds later. "The man's still alive!"

Officials quickly shut the door, and an order was given to again activate the Death Switch. Kruger's body jerked violently. A line of gray smoke curled up from the top of his head.

In his book Deathwork, author James McClendon tells what a witness to the execution saw next: "When the Death Machine cut off, in one quick motion the electrician pulled the smoking Contact Plate and the Death Cap off Kruger's shaven head. Charred flesh clung to the plate's circular surface. The top of Kruger's skull was black, with a ring of pink inner flesh where the Contact Plate had been.... With the mask gone, they all saw Kruger's face.

"A half inch of purple tongue dangled out of the left corner of his mouth. His chin was coated with brown blood. But it was his eyes that threw most into a sick frenzy. Both eyeballs, the pupils almost indistinguishable in the center of a brown and red mass of distorted marblelike iris, were completely out of their sockets; they drooped just over the stiff bottom eyelid in a grotesque parody of a disassembled child's doll."

While Deathwork is fictional, the description of George Kruger's execution was based on real events. Horrible as such a death seems, it's one that convicted-murderer Robert Massie might welcome after spending ten dreary years on California's Death Row at San Quentin State Prison, where lethal gas rather than electrocution is the prescribed method of execution.

"I tell the authorities, 'Hey, let's go ... quit threatening me, and let's get on with the show," exclaims the 42-yearold Massie, his soft Virginia drawl suddenly defiant during an exclusive interview at San Quentin with HUSTLER Magazine. "I tell 'em, 'I don't care about your gas chamber. You'd be doin' me a favor.'

Twenty-two-year-old Jerry Bigelow, another convicted killer who is hoping to hasten his own death, feels the same way. "I don't like the possibility of spending my life [in prison]," Bigelow says. "That's not living; that's dying slowly.... So my decision is to go down

to the gas chamber."

The views of condemned slayer Lawrence Bittaker, 42, are a marked contrast to those of Massie and Bigelow. "I would do it myself [commit suicide] before allowing the state to strap me down and turn me into a dead piece of meat," he says. "If nothing else, you can jump up and down and land on your head to kill yourself. There's always some way.'

Though their attitudes are admittedly extreme, these condemned men are reacting in their own way to the physical and psychological oppression-"isolated limbo," Massie calls it-that is characteristic of life on Death Row. These three men are typical of the more than 1,150 prisoners currently under sentence of capital punishment in the United States—the highest such figure in the nation's history.

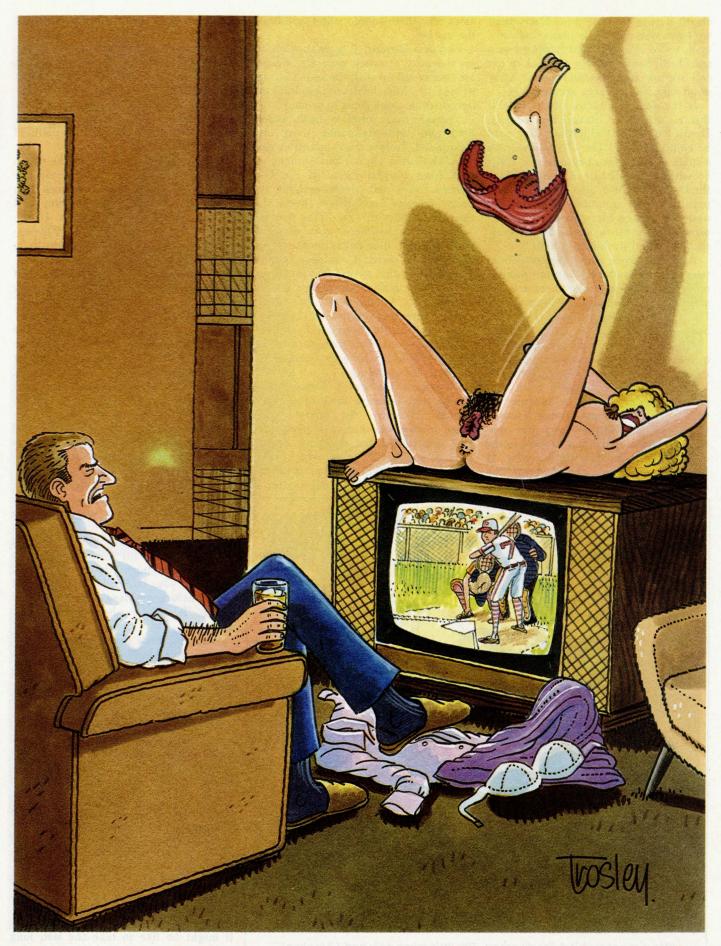
Bittaker, Massie, Bigelow and 46 other condemned prisoners live in cells located on the third floor of a San Quentin prison building called the "adjustment center." (An additional 68 doomed men reside on San Quentin's original Death Row in the housing unit known as the North Block, six floors above the gas chamber.)

Each windowless cell measures six feet wide, seven and one-half feet long and nine feet high. Each is sparsely furnished with a sink, a toilet, a thin mattress and a bare light bulb screwed into a socket in the ceiling. Death Row inmates eat alone, sleep alone and exercise in tightly controlled groups.

"We had a sheet change last night for our beds-that was the first in about a month," Bigelow told HUSTLER. "The mattresses are stinking. They don't spray for cockroaches or anything else. Our food is terrible. Most of it is liquid, some kind of creamed concoctionhardly any solid food. Just about everybody [in the adjustment center] either is constipated or has diarrhea."

Contemplating the bleak prison walls, Bittaker adds: "It's a very boring existence. They don't let you visit other cells. The only time you see someone





"I didn't bother you when you wanted to watch your show!"

else is during exercise time. Every time we leave our cells for a phone call or a visit, we're skin-searched [stripped and searched]; before we can get back in the cell we are skin-searched again. They don't take any chances around here."

If the deputy director of the federal Bureau of Justice Statistics is correct, Death Rows like California's may soon be emptying out. "The U.S. will witness a spate of executions beginning in 1983-84 without parallel in this nation since the Depression era," Benjamin Renshaw predicts. "The situation is ripe for the nation to witness executions at a rate approaching the more than three per week that prevailed during the 1930s."

At a time when many Western countries have abandoned capital punishment altogether—among them are England, Spain, Canada and France—the United States seems headed in the

opposite direction.

"[The death penalty] is morally required as the only appropriate punishment for some crimes," insists Professor Walter Berns, who wrote a book supporting society's right to execute the worst of its criminals. Judge Thomas Coker Jr. of Florida—who has sentenced eight convicted murderers to the electric chair—holds a similar view. "I hope the sentences are carried out," he says. "To hell with rehabilitation in

cases like these—you can't rehabilitate the victim!"

Explains Howard J. Schwab, California's deputy attorney general: "People are simply fed up with the fears they are living with. And the death penalty is believed to be a deterrent to crime."

Though that belief is both widely held and understandable, it is also unfounded. In fact, most countries that have abolished capital punishment report *lower* murder rates. In the U.S. studies show that states without the death penalty have fewer homicides than those states that retain the penalty.

Capital punishment also discriminates against blue-collar workers and members of racial minorities. (Capital punishment, the prison saying goes, means them without the capital gets the punishment.) Furthermore, the death penalty threatens the lives of those who were wrongfully convicted and attempts, irrationally, to demonstrate that killing people is wrong by repeating the barbaric act of killing.

"I regard the death penalty as a savage and immoral institution," says Andrei Sakharov, the Soviet Nobel Prize winner who has been persecuted and imprisoned for speaking out on human rights. "A state which takes upon itself the right to the most terrible and irreversible act—the deprivation of

life—cannot expect an improvement of the moral atmosphere in its country."

Addressing foreign diplomats at the Vatican not long ago, Pope John Paul II spoke out against capital punishment for the first time. The Pope recommended "clemency and grace for those condemned to death—especially those who have been condemned for political motives."

Despite the inhumanity of the death penalty, it's been part of American law since it was first applied to crimes such as witchcraft, murder, rebellion and sodomy back in the mid-1600s. In the three centuries since, nearly 20,000 people have been lawfully put to death in this country—7,000 since 1900 alone.

While some states have prescribed capital punishment for crimes ranging from "forcing a woman to marry" (Arkansas) to "desecration of a grave" (Georgia), statistics show that all the executions between 1930 and 1980 were carried out to punish eight major offenses. These were murder, rape, armed robbery, kidnapping, sabotage, espionage, burglary and aggravated assault by a life-term prisoner.

Whatever the nature of the capital crime, societies have historically found a variety of cruel ways to exact punishment. Take, for example, this English death sentence handed down in 1812:

"That you... be taken to the place from whence you came, and from there be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, where you shall be hanged by the neck not till you are dead; that you shall be taken down, while still alive, and your bowels be taken out and buried before your face—that your head be cut off, and your body cut into four quarters."

Other methods through the centuries have included boiling in oil, crucifixion, burying people alive and sawing them in half

Public hanging was the accepted method of execution in this country until the late 1800s, when the state of New York dismantled its gallows and authorized construction of the first electric chair. Electrocution is still the only lawful mode of execution in 17 of the 39 states that have capital-punishment statutes. Eleven other states use the gas chamber—a bathroom-size steel enclosure in which the condemned die of asphyxiation after breathing cyanide fumes.

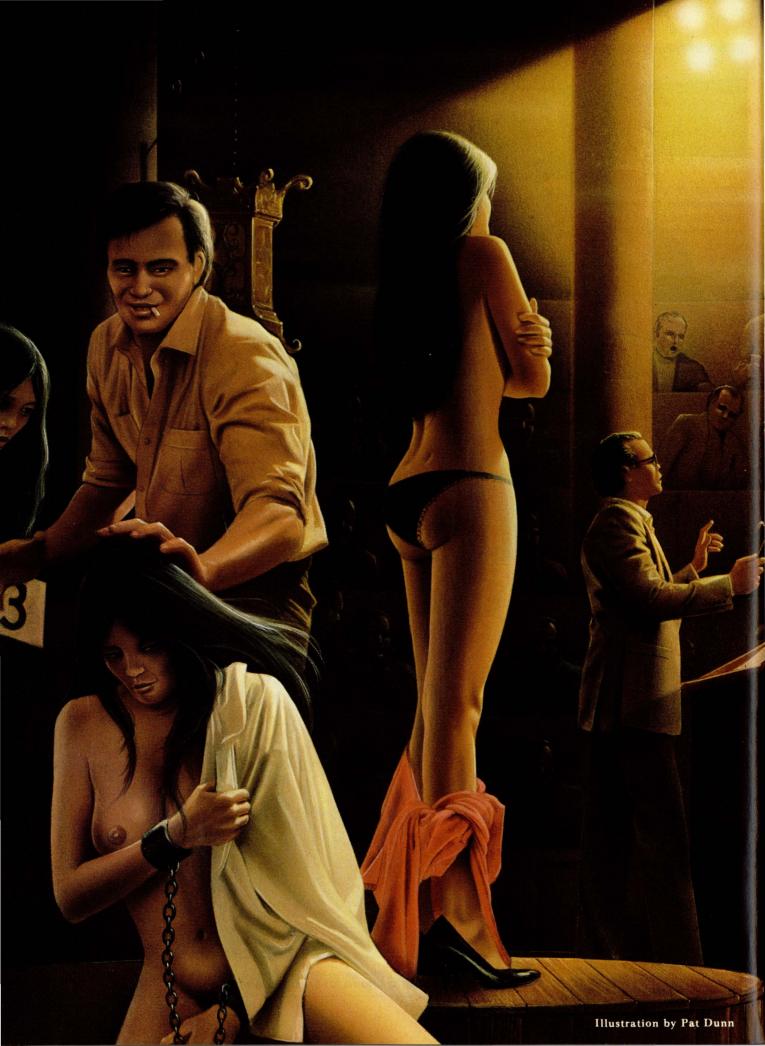
In an editorial for the San Quentin News that was censored by the prison warden for being too "inflammatory," inmate-reporter Bill Williams told what it might be like to take the last, long walk to the gas chamber:

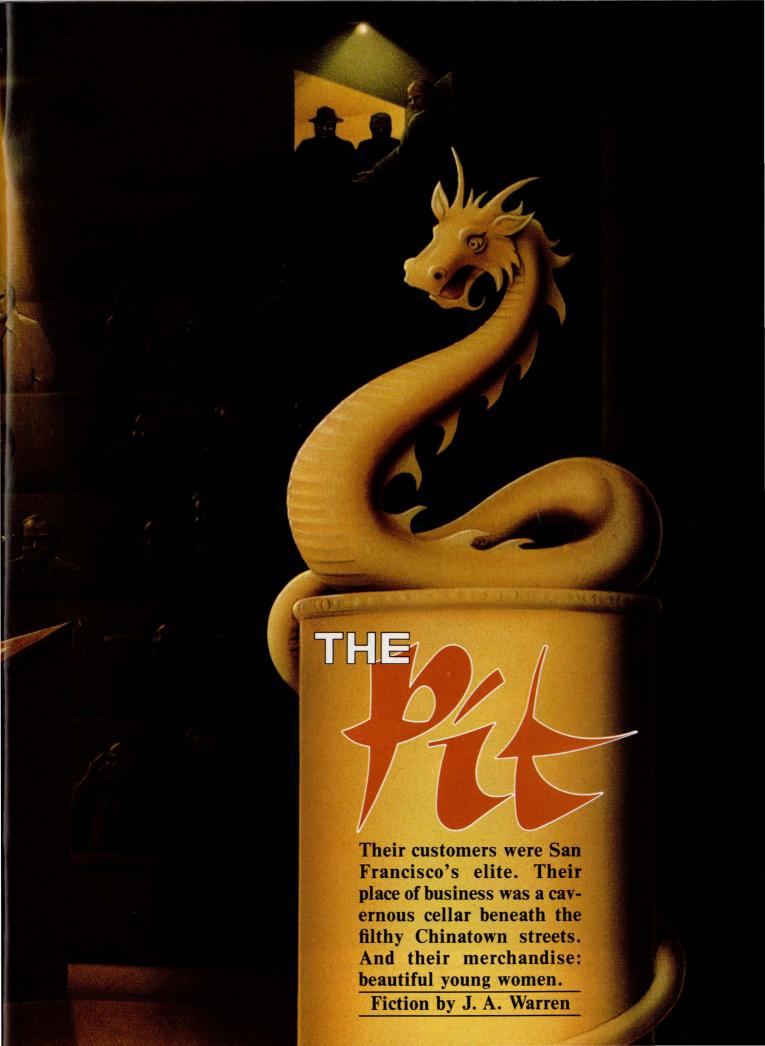
(continued on page 96)





"Do you suppose I have time to phone for an ambulance?"





y Muscowitz grunted as the German couple with the matching Lufthansa bags marched through the heart of San Francisco's Chinatown and into the dirty Grant Street alley. Muscowitz and his partner had been staking out the alley for the last three hours.

He pushed the snout of a 600mm lens out of the driver's-side window of the unmarked Plymouth and recorded the Germans' faces at a motor-driven five frames per second. "Looks like your snitch gave us the straight shit," Muscowitz said to the rumpled form next to him. "These two make an even dozen that we've seen so far tonight. Maybe more before we got here. Something funny's going on."

Detective Sergeant Deklund Ryan, the other half of the most effective—and least disciplined—undercover team in the city's Northern Station, stirred and grunted. He looked past his partner as the tourists approached a red metal door at the end of the alley. When it opened, a wedge of yellow light spilled out and a pair of large shoulders dressed in pinstripe silhouetted the threshold. The male half of the German couple produced a piece of paper. The doorman glanced at it and stepped aside, sheets of smoke from an unseen source escaping past him into the night. The Germans

edged past; the metal door closed behind them with a formidable clang, and the alley was dark once more.

Muscowitz logged the time on a surveillance sheet, slipped a Colt MKIII into his ankle holster and his detective's shield into the waistband of his trousers. Ryan moaned, ran his hand through his hair and swilled the last of their lukewarm coffee.

"Don't tell me," he said wearily. "You want to go in."

The man-mountain in the pinstriped suit answered their knock. He was Chinese and gazed down at the two plainclothesmen like a snooty Buddha, eyebrows arched into question marks. After giving him the once-over, Ryan tagged him "Sumo."

"Must have invitation," Sumo rumbled in bad English.

Muscowitz extracted a wad of money from his pocket—dope money confiscated from an out-of-business coke dealer and on loan from the property room. He peeled off \$50 from the roll and draped it ceremoniously across the doorman's upturned palm.

Sumo didn't blink. He held out his massive hand until Muscowitz added \$100 more to the initial investment. Then, with a furtive look behind him, he swung aside like an iron gate. Muscowitz winked at Ryan, and they stepped

into a small foyer harshly lit by the glare of a single bulb. The walls were brick, dank and musty with age. The air was sluggish and stale.

Sumo and another Oriental, looking uncomfortable in their suits, gestured for their guests to raise their arms and then searched them without enthusiasm. Ankle holsters apparently never occurred to them.

Ryan took stock. They were in some kind of a warehouse, evidently unused for some time. Ryan noted a passageway that ran from the foyer into the guts of the building and a crudely wired alarm system apparently rigged for the guards to use in the event of a raid.

The roar of a large crowd booming from the depths of the warehouse caught Ryan off-guard and made his eyes go wide with excitement. He shot a glance at Muscowitz, who was tensed and poised like an animal at the edge of a hostile watering hole.

The grating crowd noise receded like a spent wave. Ryan straightened from a barely perceptive half-crouch. Sumo grinned wolfishly, relishing the detectives' discomfort.

"You first time," he said. "We take good care. You follow."

Walking with the arms-akimbo swagger of the overmuscular, the doorman led them down into an underground maze. Ryan guessed it honeycombed the bedrock beneath this section of Chinatown. It was a natural fortress, and getting in and out with a squad of policemen would not be easy.

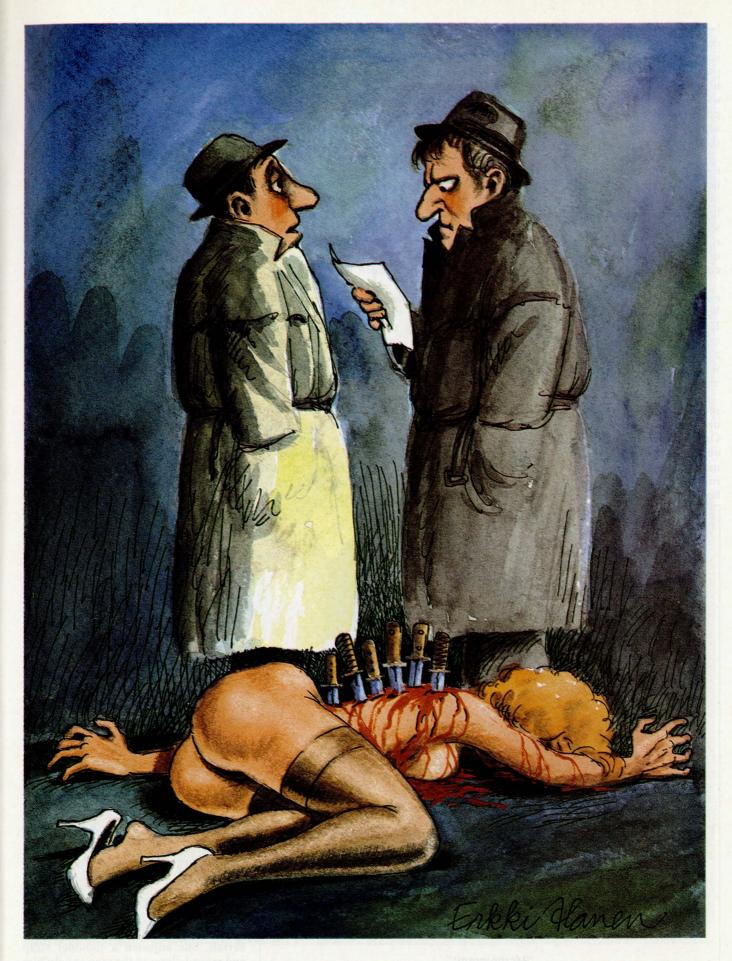
"Part of the old opium dens," Muscowitz murmured, touching the ancient brick. "The Chinese used to come down here to smoke and gamble. I thought the Army blew them all up after the 1906 earthquake."

They walked until Sumo stopped abruptly in front of another cleverly hidden ametal door, Ryan nearly bumping into him. The doorman bowed slightly as he pushed the door open on its recently oiled hinges and said, "Welcome." Ryan and Muscowitz stepped into a scene from Dante's worst nightmare.

Standing on the uppermost tier of a huge indoor amphitheater, they gazed down upon rows of partially enclosed booths that descended like stairs to the floor of a cavernous hall several hundred feet below. The tiered levels formed a half-crescent around a circular stage. Powerful klieg lamps haphazardly illuminated the scene. Smoke from a hundred cigarettes danced in the beams, swirling and clinging to waiters in white jackets who passed from booth to booth with trays of drinks.

Ryan guessed there were almost 200 people packed into the hall. Their body





"What makes you think the suicide note's a phony?"

heat and the throat-searing smoke of their cigarettes nauseated him. There was something not *right* about the people in the booths below them. It made his palms itch with fear. He jumped when Muscowitz touched his arm and pointed at two lone figures standing in an oblong pool of light in the center of the stage.

Ryan looked. A girl, no older than 18, tottered unsteadily on six-inch high heels and tried unsuccessfully to shield her eyes from the blinding glare of the lamps. She was wearing the type of slit-sided, tight-fitting silk dress he had admired so often from the streetside cafes of Saigon—the kind the women there called the ao dia.

A shriveled mama-san, teeth blackened by betel nut and chattering in Vietnamese, stood just behind the girl. Dressed in black, Asian peasant pajamas, the old woman stood in stark relief against the beauty of the younger girl, who staggered and almost fell before the mama-san steadied her.

The crowd leaned forward and murmured approval as the girl's dress hiked up over her thigh. Ryan noticed an Oriental security man—with an obvious bulge under the left arm of his dinner jacket—watching them closely, narrow eyes tracking across the crowd and fastening on the two detectives like the

muzzle of a swivel-mounted deck gun.

Muscowitz was locked in on the girl, a dangerous look on his face. Ryan pushed him into a booth and forced him down.

"Get on with it!" a man in the booth next to them roared in a boardroom voice tainted by cruelty. With his silver hair and yachtsman's profile, their neighbor looked every inch the stockmarket privateer—a man used to getting people to do what he wanted.

When he realized Ryan was watching him, the man stared back daringly. His pants were down around his ankles, and a blonde, probably selected at random from the typing pool that afternoon, was on her knees between his outstretched, hairy legs.

Judging from the exaggerated bobbing motions of her head and the salacious sucking noises she made, the financier was getting the blowjob of his life.

Still looking at Ryan, the man snaked a hand into the girl's lustrous hair, grinding himself deeper into her greedy mouth. Ryan turned away as two men to his right, fueled by alcohol and drugs, got into a fistfight. The crowd had worked itself into a nearly uncontrolled frenzy. Ryan could just barely hear the sound of the young girl on stage crying for help above the racket.

"We've got to get her out of here," Muscowitz growled. "She's just a kid."

"No chance," Ryan said, placing a restraining grip on his partner's arm. "They'd dust us before we got ten feet. Sit tight. Let's see what the game is."

But Ryan already knew what the game was: a slaving operation, with girls of all ages and from a dozen countries up for sale to the highest bidder. In Vietnam he had seen some girls as young as 12 sold like cattle to policemen and other government officials as sexual consorts. With the city's burgeoning Asian population Ryan knew it was only a matter of time before a similar kind of human black market peddled its wares in San Francisco.

The amphitheater lights dimmed, with the exception of the two that were trained on the girl. She tried to sink to her knees, but the *mama-san* forced her to stand by twisting the girl's arm up behind her back. The crowd settled back expectantly.

Ryan's fears were realized when a loudspeaker clicked on and a disembodied Asian voice filled the hall.

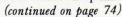
"Thank you for being so patient, ladies and gentlemen," the voice echoed. "The reviewing period is over. You've had a chance to examine the next item. It is time to start the bidding.

"Number six is an 18-year-old Vietnamese female. As you can see, she is in perfect physical condition...." As the mama-san spun her around, the girl tripped in her heels and almost fell before the older woman could snap an amyl capsule under her nose. The girl stared wildly at the faceless crowd.

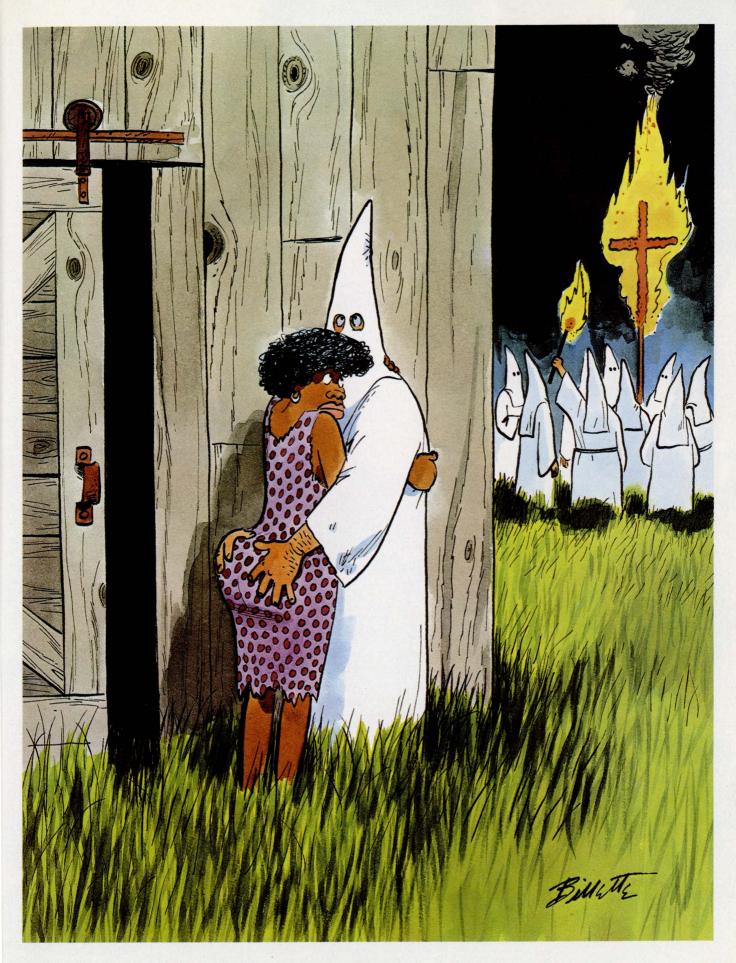
"All papers and a bill of sale will be handled in the normal manner at the end of the bidding," the auctioneer said. "Bids will start at \$1,500."

In the next booth the man with the blonde held up a flashlight and beamed it toward a curtained foyer at the right of the stage. The auctioneer acknowledged the silent signal. "I have \$1,500," he said. "Do I have \$1,600? Increments of \$100, please."

Above the clamor Ryan could hear the banker-type reach his orgasm. He watched as the man yanked cruelly at the girl's thick hair, grabbed his lurching cock and directed the spouting bursts of milky seed at her face. With a malicious look of satisfaction he waited until he had spent himself, then pushed the girl away and tossed her a silk hand-kerchief along with a wad of bills as she sprawled on the grimy floor. Stunned, the blonde dabbed at the ropy strands of her master's ejaculate and tried to compose herself. She adjusted a shoulder strap and moved closer to the man to help him

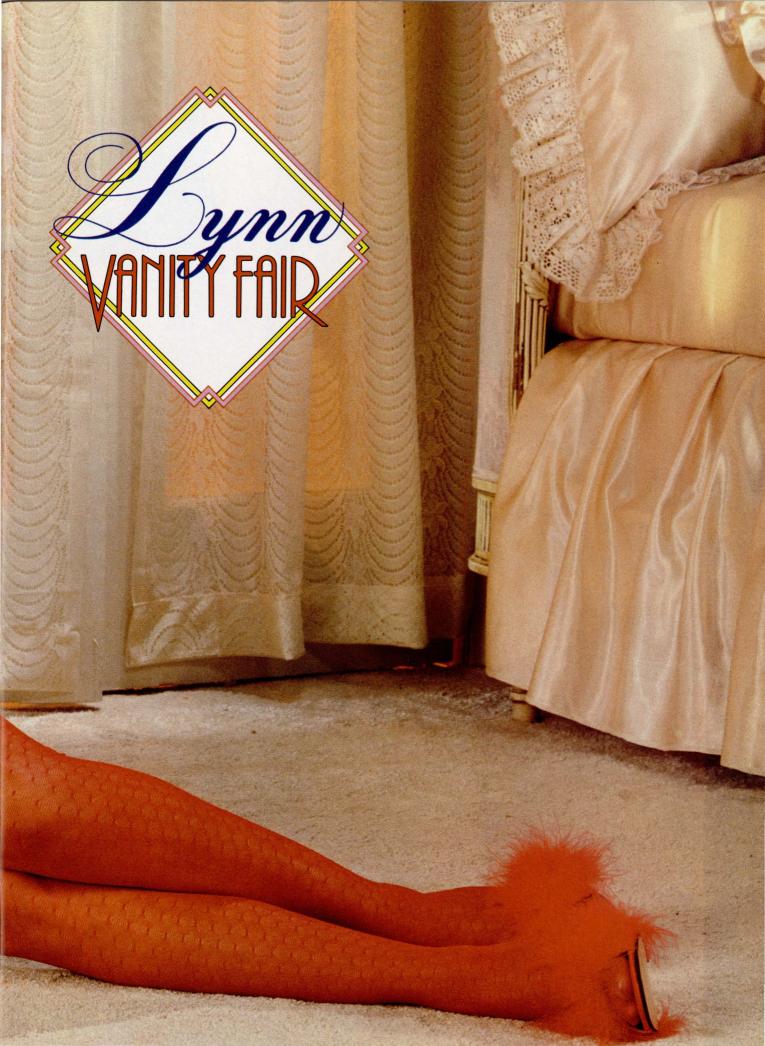






"Viola, I guess we have what they call a love-hate relationship!"





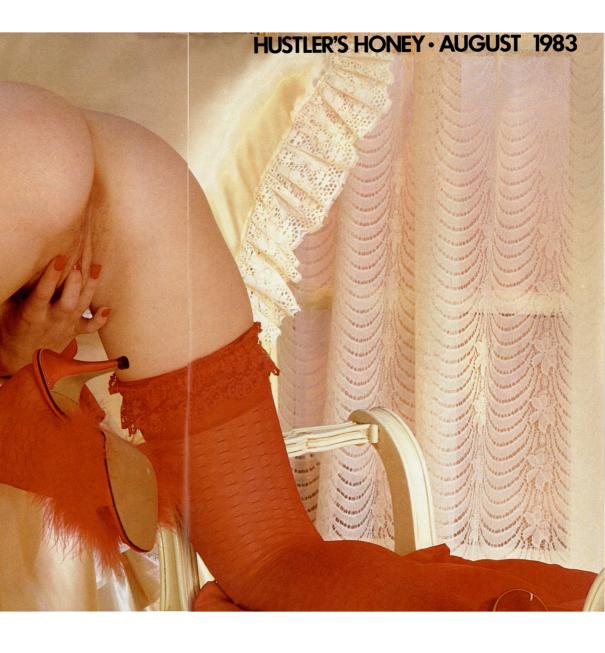
















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very night when a man and his wife finally got into bed, their kid came down with a bad case of hiccups. Unable to take it anymore, the man took the kid to the doctor. The physician told him to have his wife tie a blue ribbon around the kid's pecker, and the hiccups would go away. That night the trick worked.

One evening the guy came home drunk, and he passed out with a case of hiccups. So his wife tied a blue ribbon on his cock. Nothing happened. Then she tied a red ribbon, and nothing happened. Then she tied a white ribbon, and sure enough he quit. The next morning when the guy went to take a piss, he yelled to his wife, "I don't know where I was last night, but I came in first, second and third!"

Question: Why is fucking like riding a bicycle?

Answer: You can't coast very long before you have to start pumping again.

Two callgirls were discussing their experiences of the past few evenings over cocktails, when one asked the other, "Say, how did you make out with that eccentric millionaire yesterday?"

"He gave me \$100, but it wasn't worth it," said her friend. "He wanted to make love in a coffin."

"No kidding?!" exclaimed the first girl. "I'll bet that shook you up pretty good."

"Yeah," she confessed, "but not as much as it did the six pallbearers."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines total trust as: when two cannibals 69.

Out West there was a tough cowboy named Luke. He would ride into town on Saturday night, go into the local saloon,

and in no time at all have a few cowhands battered up and on the floor. A rancher told the saloonkeeper that he had a cure for Luke—a lumberjack in Idaho who was 6-9½—so they sent for him.

On Saturday night they hid the lumberjack behind a curtain, and sure enough, in came Luke, who quickly downed a few. Prearranged, a cattleman walked in and told Luke that someone had painted the balls of his horse yellow. Luke stormed out to see for himself. Verified, he stormed back in with his fists up, shouting: "Who's the bastard who painted the balls of my horse yellow?"

The curtain parted and out strode the huge man from Idaho, who declared, "I painted the balls of your horse yellow." Squinting up at the huge hulk, Luke said sheepishly, "Well, I just came in to tell you that the first coat is dry!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines drunk as: not being able to lie on the floor without holding on.

David and Elizabeth were set to get married on Sunday. So on Saturday night they went parking on lover's lane. David, being impatient, asked Elizabeth if he could look at her pussy. She told him he'd have to wait until they were married. David begged and pleaded, and finally Elizabeth said okay. After she took off her panties, he asked her if he could touch it. Again, she told him he would have to wait until they were married, but David persisted until she finally gave in. Then he asked her if he could have just one sniff. She told him absolutely not, but again gave in to her fiance's pleading.

So, with great glee, he went down and took a big sniff. He then popped up, looked at Elizabeth and

asked, "Do you think it'll keep till tomorrow?"

During a physical examination, the gynecologist was astounded to learn that his new referral had been married three times and was still a virgin.

"Well," his patient volunteered, "my first husband was impotent and just couldn't. My second husband was a homosexual and wouldn't. And my third husband is a Republican who just lies there, telling me over and over again how good everything is going to be."

Question: What's the difference between a Jewish-American Princess and the Bermuda Triangle?
Answer: One of them swal-

lows semen.

Farmer Brown had been screwing one of his pigs for four years when he was suddenly hit by pangs of conscience. It tortured him

so much that he decided to tell the priest about it in confession.

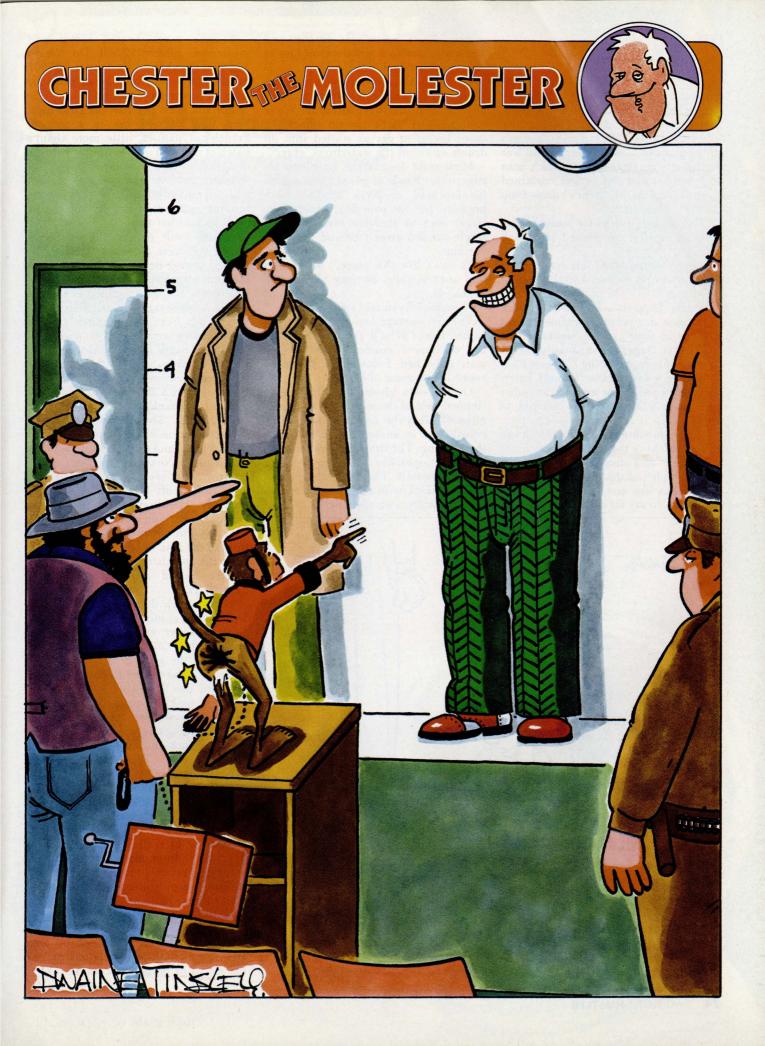
The priest was so shocked he could only ask, "Well, tell me, was the pig a male or a female?"

"A female, of course," said Farmer Brown, his voice rising defensively. "What do you think I am—some kind of queer?!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines peer group as: a peeping Tom's club.

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(continued from page 60)

get his pants up. He struck her viciously across the cheek. She took the blow and then licked his hand. Ryan turned away.

Muscowitz was breathing like a bull before the charge. He had taken his eyes off the panicky Vietnamese girl and was staring at a powerfully built black man who had walked out of the curtained foyer to look up the "item's" dress from the foot of the stage.

"Daguette," Muscowitz hissed, rising from his seat. Ryan pushed him back down.

"Who?" Ryan asked, his eyes flickering between his partner and the man at the stage.

"Roger Daguette. He used to work Chinatown vice before his partner turned up dead in their car one night. Rumor had it that Daguette was involved in a Japanese Mafia gambling ring and blew his partner away to cover himself. Internal Affairs never got enough to indict him; so they suggested he get out of town."

"Are you sure that's him?" Ryan asked, watching the black man as he lit a cigarette and disappeared again behind the folds of the black curtain.

"It looks like him," Muscowitz said. "Too dark to say for sure. Only one way

to find out, I guess." He got up, and Ryan had to slap a wristlock on him to get him to sit back down.

"Dammit, Cy, are you trying to get us killed? There's enough hardware in this place to arm the 101st Airborne. We're on their turf. Let's not do something that's going to get us stuffed into oil drums down on the waterfront, okay?"

Muscowitz fought the wristlock instinctively. Beads of sweat glistened on his forehead as Ryan applied more pressure, but the pain finally forced the larger man to abandon his plan for a single-handed assault behind the stage curtains.

"I don't like this place," Muscowitz said after a while, burying his head in his hands.

"I know," Ryan said softly. "I know." The girl onstage had resigned herself to her fate. "Who'll give me \$2,100?" the auctioneer coaxed. The German man they had followed in the alley

asked to see more of her.

Orders were given. The old woman stepped behind the sobbing Vietnamese girl and lifted the *ao dai* over her slim, coltish legs in an attempt to stimulate the bidding. The dress gathered around the girl's thighs. She had given up trying to cover herself. The air in the packed hall was thick with sex, revelers signaling frantically with their lights.

"That's much better, ladies and gentlemen. I have \$2,500. Do I have \$2,600? Thank you; do I have \$2,700? Surely that would be a small price for such exquisite merchandise."

The silk dress slid past the girl's hips. They had dressed her in a pair of French-cut panties, little more than a patch of material over her pubic mound, designed to flatter her long legs. The wrinkled crow in the pajamas cackled and turned the girl around, slipping the buttons on the dress to give the crowd a good look at her torso.

In one swift motion the mama-san pulled the dress away completely. The hushed crowd devoured the beauty of the young woman who stood frozen before them in her ungainly, heels and scanty underwear. She tried to shield her breasts from the hundreds of eyes that drank in her body but soon gave up, letting her hands fall to her sides like dying white birds.

The auctioneer rapped his gavel as the banker with the blonde signaled the last bid. "Thank you, sir," the Asian voice purred. "The bid stands at \$3,500. The transaction will be completed in the foyer. Papers and documentation will be issued there. Next item, please."

Muscowitz seethed as the bankertype rushed off to collect his human property. He disappeared behind the curtains, emerging several minutes later with the girl in tow. Ryan stepped in front of the man as he was forcibly dragging the girl back to his booth. The banker looked up at the detective quizzically.

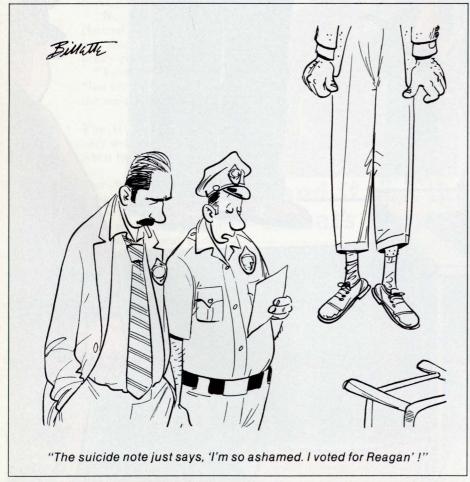
"How much do you want for her?" Ryan asked coldly.

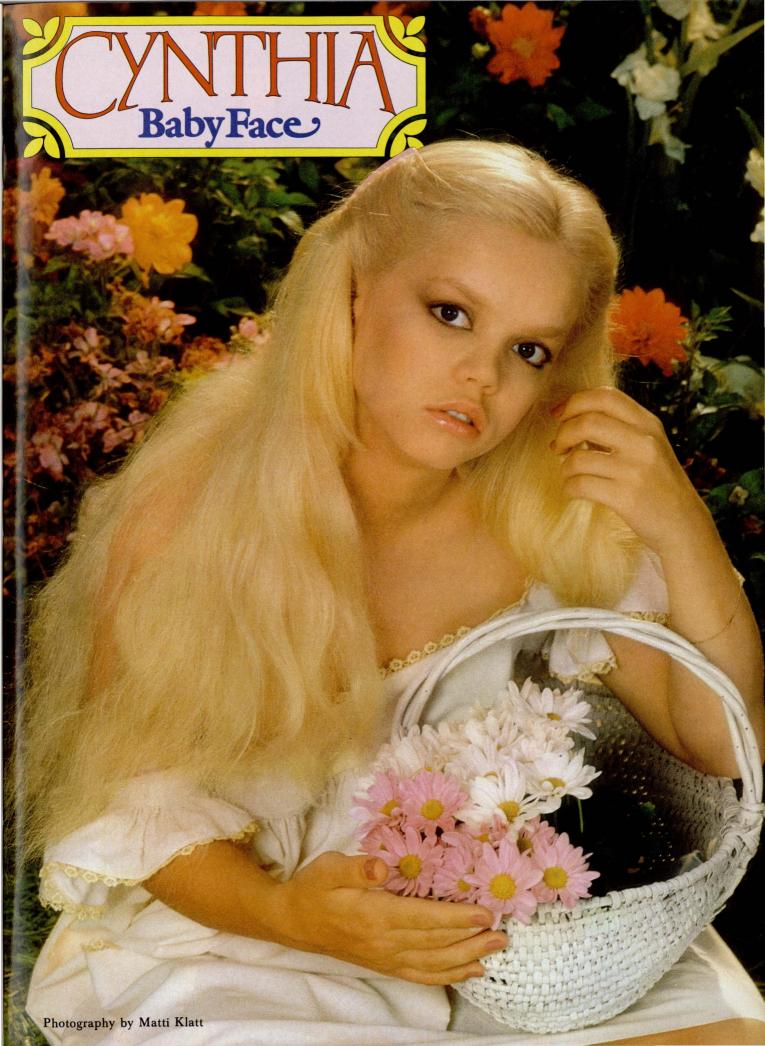
The banker smiled but shook his head. "She's not for sale," he said, squeezing the girl's breast through her dress until she yelped in pain. "I've got plans for this little gook."

Ryan took a quick look around. When he saw that the security men weren't paying any attention to them, he whipped back and buried his fist in the banker's belly. The man folded and dropped to the floor in a heap, gasping like a fish in an outdoor market. Muscowitz was on his feet, watching for a move from one of the guards. None came. Ryan bent low over the wheezing redfaced king of Wall Street and counted out \$4,000 from his bankroll of dope money. "This ought to cover it," he said, stuffing the bills into the man's pocket. "Nice doing business with you."

With the unresisting girl sandwiched between them, Ryan and Muscowitz headed for the exit, pumped up with adrenaline. Both were anxious to lead the squad of bluesuits it would take to

(continued on page 82)

















(continued from page 74)

close the hall and bust the twisted people who bought and sold women as casually as they bought sirloin.

"Slavers?" roared Division Commander Myron "One-Nut" Duncan when the two bleary-eyed detectives cornered him in his office that night. "Who the fuck are you kidding? That stuff went out with the Charleston. Is this another one of your fucking jokes?"

Duncan watched Muscowitz warily as the bearish detective growled and started to pace his commander's office with the subtlety of a Sherman tank. There was no love lost between them. One-Nut Duncan was a born paper shuffler whose active-duty career had ended one night when he accidentally shot himself in the balls during a stakeout. His hatred and fear of his wild-eyed subordinate had been cemented when a cop answering Muscowitz's general description was seen entering the departmental file room after hours and a photocopy of Duncan's accidental-shooting report turned up stapled to the station's bulletin board the next morning. Duncan-who had told every female clerk in the station that he'd lost one-half of the most precious part of his anatomy in a pitched

gunfight—strongly suspected the two undercover detectives but was never able to prove it, even after additional copies began to turn up in bars they were known to frequent.

So when Ryan and Muscowitz came to him with an off-the-wall story about an underground slaving operation, Duncan rose to his full five feet, ten inches, rested his hairy knuckles on his desk and leaned forward ominously. His J. C. Penney tie dipped into Ryan's coffee. The detective, who was thinking about Li—the Vietnamese girl they had left sleeping back at his apartment—watched wordlessly as a brown stain spread up his commander's cobalt-blue Windsor.

"You two have been boils on my butt ever since you were first assigned to this station," Duncan fumed, warming quickly to his favorite topic. "You break the rules every time you turn around. Two weeks ago you pull alongside Sergeant Krimm's car on Broadway and toss a dummy grenade in his lap. Last week you send a box of exploding Havanas to the chief with my regards. Tonight you wander eight blocks out of your sector, leave your car without advising Radio and make me look like a total jerk when I dispatch six black-andwhites who wind up spending three hours off their beats looking for a couple

of hotshot detectives who are too busy to use standard radio procedure!"

Duncan took a breath. "Then what do you do?" he said when his lungs were full again. "While half the station thinks you're in the shit somewhere, you're both running around like two Frankfucking-Serpicos and come back with a bullshit story about a gook slaving operation in the underground equivalent of the Houston Astrodome. And you expect me to fall for it. Well, not me, boys."

"What about Daguette?" Muscowitz almost screamed.

"Ah," Duncan said. "That's where the hotshot detective's story gets interesting. They come back from their little expedition claiming to have seen a hasbeen copper who got drunk, fell asleep and crispy-crittered himself while smoking in bed in a Seattle hotel room over two years ago. Daguette's dead, and so are you two if you don't wise up!"

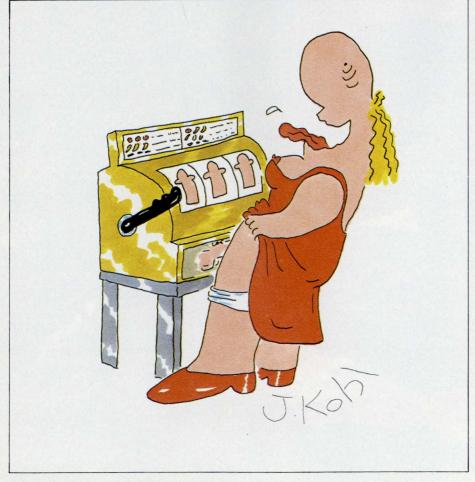
Duncan ceased his harangue long enough to wipe the spittle from his chin. Ryan thought his commander would herniate himself—a crippling thing considering his condition. Their senior officer noticed the detectives' eyes were on his tie, and he looked down, realizing for the first time that his polyester pride and joy was now marked with a distinctive brown stripe. He wiped ineffectually at the offending stain with a napkin. When he looked up again, Ryan and Muscowitz were gone.

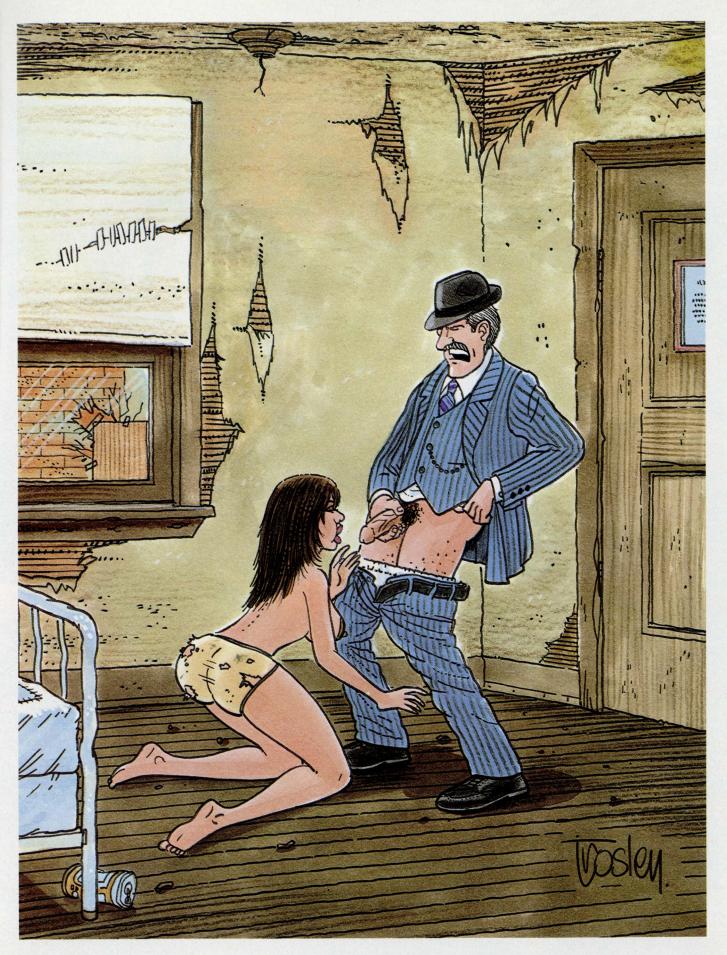
Li was at the door of his apartment as soon as Ryan had the key in the lock. She padded after him like a kitten not long from its mother, looking at him with uncomprehending dark eyes whenever he spoke to her. Ryan put two TV dinners in the microwave for them, burned them both and poured himself a shot of Bushmills instead.

He would talk to Protective Services about a home for the girl in the morning. Carrying the whiskey with him, he made up the guest bed and with gestures told her to go to sleep. Then, stripping off clothes as he went, he shuffled into his bedroom and collapsed on his back on the bed.

Ryan didn't hear the girl enter the room. In the darkness he smelled her perfume first, then sensed her weight on the bed. She lay down next to him and threw her arm over his chest, her lips next to his ear. Li kissed him, and her hand dove for his cock.

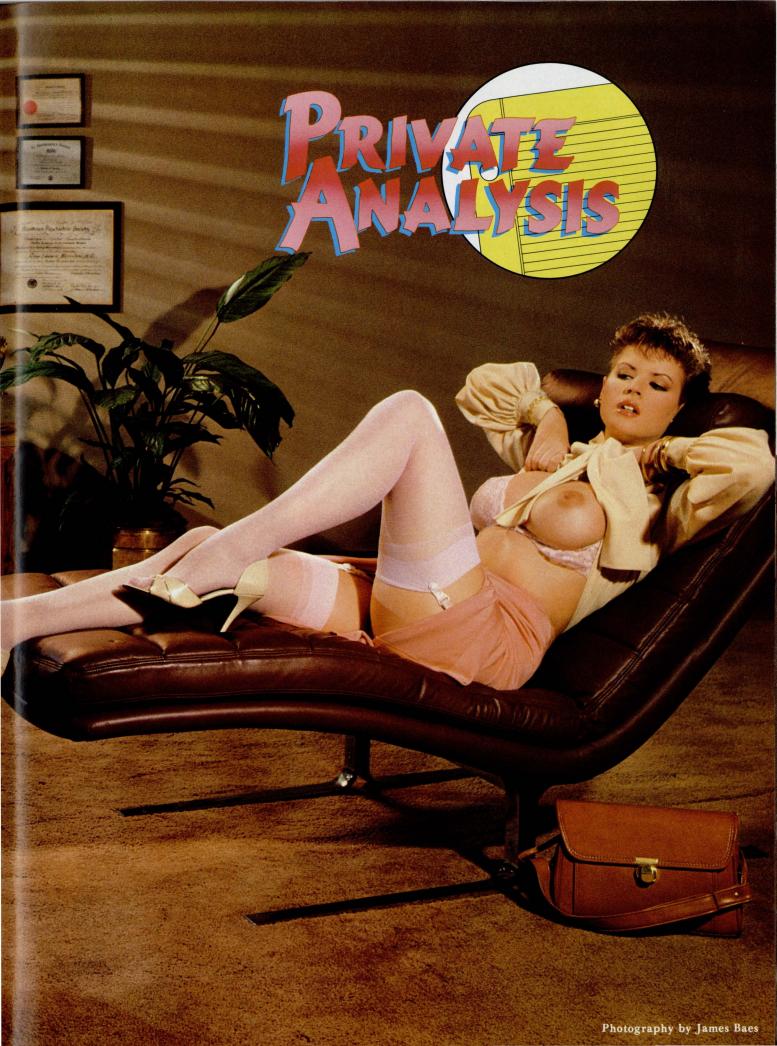
The way she smelled, the way she touched him kindled memories of a dozen nights with girls like her in Vietnam. She panted, her breath coming in hot gasps against his ear, her hand gliding (continued on page 92)





"Suck it, you culturally deprived underachiever!"





















(continued from page 82)

up and down the length of his shaft. Although Ryan fought it initially, he began to react. The girl realized what she was doing to him and whispered urgently to Ryan in Vietnamese, slipping a long leg over his and humping his thigh.

Her lips found his and caressed them urgently. A childlike moan slipped from her throat, and Ryan responded by putting his thick arms around her, holding her closely. He could feel a warm wetness on his leg where her small pussy rubbed back and forth.

Breaking away from his embrace, Li swiveled slowly and used her moist lips to plant kisses on Ryan's hardening prick. With movements that Ryan thought were almost like religious devotion, Li tended to the widening head, kissing around it, flicking the sensitive skin with tiny tongue strokes, circling the glans with the pink tip of her tongue. With a suddenness that threw Ryan for a loop, she surrounded his entire cock with her mouth, letting the shaft thrust into her throat. Slowly, languidly, she pulled away until only sensuous lips touched the saliva-covered head. Ryan groaned happily.

Li continued her oral exercises for

several minutes, but the whiskey had dulled Ryan enough that he felt nowhere near orgasm. Li turned to him and asked a question in Vietnamese. Ryan just smiled. Taking that as an answer, Li smiled in return, positioning herself over Ryan's hips with the head of his cock slightly spreading her small vaginal lips. She rotated her hips around, circling his prick with her pussy the same way she had with her lips. Again, the payoff was the same: With a quick downward thrust of her body, she impaled herself upon Ryan's thick organ. Pausing for a long moment, she rose on her haunches and slowly allowed his prick out of her.

Ryan felt the pressure in his balls building. He thrust against her, grabbing her hips firmly, watching her small breasts bobble. She moved her hands up to her breasts and squeezed them, pinching her nipples passionately. Her hip movements became wilder, more animalistic; Ryan fucked harder and more urgently. Li moaned something in her native tongue, and Ryan remembered what it meant from those years before on another continent.

"Me too," he replied. "Yeah, honey, me too."

Forcefully, the muscles of his prick pushed and clenched, shooting a warm load into her wet pussy. Filled with Ryan's cum, Li yelped several times, then shook violently, her eyes closing in pleasure.

She crawled around and buried herself at Ryan's side, neatly fitting under his arm. Her small left hand gently massaged his cock and balls. Li began whimpering, and Ryan stroked her round face tenderly.

"It'll be okay," he said. He didn't know whether she understood, or whether he believed it himself.

The next night Ryan struggled to get a body wire taped securely to Muscowitz's barrellike chest, cursing the confines of the Plymouth and keeping one eye on the Grant Street alley. It drew them back like moths to light.

It had been a busy evening. They counted at least 40 people in various stages of intoxication who arrived at the red metal door at the end of the alley, looking extremely well dressed and prosperous. A few seemed to have come directly from the opera. None seemed unduly worried about the possibility that they were being watched.

Muscowitz held the Cetec Vega mike against his breastbone as Ryan wound a pack of gauze around his back and over the tiny transmitter. So much depended on it. They'd pilfered the wire and the voice-actuated tape recorder from the equipment room that day. Their plan was to document a slave transaction, then hand the evidence over to Ryan's friend at the Department of Justice.

"Comfy?" asked Ryan, tying off the gauze. He tried not to let his worry show. If they discovered the body mike on Muscowitz, or the tape recorder/radio receiver on Ryan, that would be the end. Harbor Patrol would find their bodies on the incoming tide, if at all.

Muscowitz riffled the \$5,000 in large bills he'd withdrawn from his bank that morning. It was all the money he and his wife, Pat, had in the world, and he was ready to risk it all for a chance at the men who bought and sold people. He wanted to watch their faces when the federal prosecutor played the tape at their trials.

He strapped an automatic to his right ankle and a spare clip of ammunition to his left. Ryan did the same.

"Let's do it," Muscowitz murmured. Sumo smiled when he saw them, smiling again when Muscowitz slipped him \$200 without a word. The doorman and his pal didn't even bother to search them.

They were led to the underground chamber, the heat and stale air inspiring the same misgivings Ryan had on his first visit. The booths were filled with





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groping, panting couples, many of them fucking on leather seats or tabletops.

Muscowitz didn't waste any time. "Close to the stage," he said to a maitre d', transferring a bill to the man's palm. The Oriental made the bill go away and sat them at a booth with an unobstructed view.

An Indonesian girl, possibly Malaysian with a little French thrown in a couple generations back, stood on the stage alone-as if her sellers had known that to put another woman on the stage with her would only detract from the girl's alabaster beauty. She breathed raggedly and licked her full lips often.

"She's drugged," Muscowitz said.

When the bidding started, the offers soon climbed to \$4,000, flashlights signaling in the darkness. Muscowitz fidgeted, and Ryan prayed his partner wouldn't do something foolish. When the bidding topped \$4,700, Muscowitz couldn't restrain himself any longer. He leaped to his feet.

"Five thousand dollars," he bellowed. The auctioneer chuckled with delight.

"Obviously a man who knows what he wants," he said. "While I can understand your eagerness, sir, may I suggest you use the flashlight at your table to signal your bid. It's less disruptive. Besides, sir, other people may bid against you for this particular property."

"Yeah," a beery male voice called out from the rear of the amphitheater. "I'll give you \$6,000 for her!" Muscowitz stared into the darkness, his hopes of saving the girl fading as the crowd reacted to the scent of a bidding war.

"Seven thousand!" Ryan shouted, pushing the \$5,000 he had withdrawn from his bank into his partner's hand. Muscowitz tried to hug him, but Ryan fought him off. "Just go easy," he said. "You're holding my life savings."

Muscowitz's challenger balked. His counteroffer of \$8,000 was slow in coming. The detective drove him out of the race entirely when he held the \$10,000 above his head and offered every cent of it for the girl. There was no counteroffer. The auctioneer banged his gavel, and the crowd burst into applause.

"Get in, get it on tape," Ryan said, "grab the girl, and let's get the fuck out of here. No fancy dancing with the slopes. I'll cover you from here."

Muscowitz nodded, his face flushed with success and excitement as he lifted a double scotch from a waiter's tray and downed it. He patted Ryan reassuringly.

"No sweat," he said, swaggering down the aisle, disappearing through the black velvet curtains. The girl had already been taken offstage.

Rvan moved as close as he could to the curtained fover before the maitre d'

stopped him, politely but firmly, with one hand against the detective's chest. Ryan could see a pistol gleaming in a holster under the man's black dinner iacket.

"Your friend is a rich man," the Oriental said whimsically. "To someday have that much money would be a very pleasurable thing."

The brilliance of three muzzle flashes silhouetted the figures behind the black curtain as clearly as an X-ray photograph. Ryan heard two shots, back to back, then a single, more deliberate report. The first two were from a .45, the third a lighter caliber-but not the .25 automatic Muscowitz was carrying.

Ryan and the Oriental maitre d' ducked instinctively at the sound of the gunshots. Both came up with their weapons in their hands. The crowd pushed and shoved for the exits like stampeding cattle. An alarm began to ring. Ryan took advantage of the confusion. He pistol-whipped the maitre d' viciously, hearing face bones crack under the gun butt. As the Oriental flopped to the floor, Ryan kicked the man's gun from his limp hand.

Three other security men, hands under their dinner jackets, scrambled down the aisle toward Ryan.

"Police!" he screamed, snapping a shot into the ceiling and flashing his shield. "Get the fuck out of here!"

The trio hesitated, looked at each other and then made tracks. Ryan sprinted for the foyer.

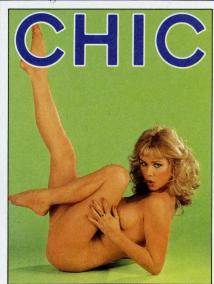
Sliding through the curtains, keeping his back to the wall, Ryan tracked his automatic across the room. Smoke from the three recently fired rounds drifted out toward an open door. A lamp swung from the ceiling, casting eerie shadows on the body in the middle of the floor. The Malaysian girl cowered in one corner, crying. A trail of \$100 bills stirred in the draft.

Ryan went to his partner's side and knelt down. Muscowitz's hand was still warm. His legs were twisted under him, his ankle gun still in place. He had been taken almost completely by surprise. Whoever had shot him had found the wire. His shirt had been ripped open, the buttons scattered and the gauze that had held the tiny transmitter cut away.

ward the open door. "There's nothing we can do for him here." He didn't look

Ryan found the murder weapon partially obscured beneath the body. He retrieved the gun, a fancy .45 with ivory grips, and stuffed it into his coat pocket. He went to the girl and helped her up. She stared at the body on the floor. "C'mon," Ryan said, steering her to-

back.



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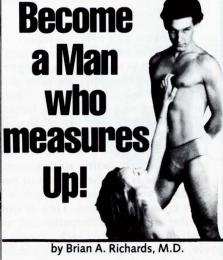
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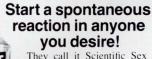


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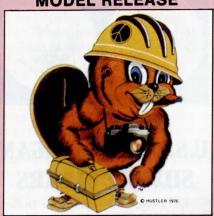
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Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

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I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

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CONDEMNED TO DIE

(continued from page 54)

"The waiting is over; it's time.... Do you say, 'Go to hell, I'm not going,' or do you start to whimper? Your legs start walking mechanically; the door to the chamber is open, inviting you. There is no stopping now—no turning back....

"Inside there are two chairs. The choice is not yours. One has been specially prepared for you. You sit down, and the officers swiftly strap you in. A stethoscope is attached over your heart. Suddenly you're alone, and the door has been closed and sealed. Time is frozen in the dreaded anticipation of your death. You try to hold each moment forever—trees, mountain lakes, sunshine, wife and mother.

"The gallery of witnesses to your death looks in on you now. The warden is at his post by the phone. He signals to the executioner, and the valves are opened and closed. Sodium-cyanide eggs are dropped into the immersion pan filled with sulphuric acid. The pan is beneath your chair. You take a large breath and hold it. The fumes rise up, eating into your pores and clothing.

"Finally you must breathe again. The sickly, sweet smell of almonds and peaches greets you. Now only seconds remain of consciousness. Your head spins, and you strain against your bonds. They cut into you cruelly, and the poisonous vapor burns your skin. Another breath.

"The aching in your head starts, and pains shoot through your chest. Death touches you on the shoulder. Your eyes bulge and bleed at the sight of him. Your body shudders and suddenly you are free. You no longer breathe; your heart has stopped beating."

Execution by hanging is still mandated in four states, while death by a firing squad is called for in Utah. Since 1977, Idaho, Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico have adopted "lethal injection" as a more painless mode of execution, whereby death is accomplished through fatal doses of drugs that paralyze the muscles and nerves. The victim simply drifts off in a trance. Death Row inmates call it "the ultimate high."

Last December at the Texas State Prison at Huntsville, convicted murderer Charlie Brooks Jr. became the first prisoner to be legally killed by injection. Ironically, he blamed his wrongdoing in part on his involvement with drugs. Seven minutes after the deadly dose of sodium thiopental began entering Brooks's body through an intravenous tube inserted in his arm, a prison physician pronounced him dead.

According to four witnesses to the execution, the black inmate appeared to have suffered some pain. "Brooks's bare stomach was visibly moving up and down, showing his last few deep breaths, as he lay strapped with five white leather straps on a hospital gurney," wrote Terry Scott Bertling, managing editor of the *Huntsville Item*. "[He] opened and closed his right hand several times after the injection began and died with his hand in a relaxed fist."

Though the instruments of capital punishment are in place, only three U.S. prisoners have been executed against their will since Luis Jose Monge of Denver, Colorado, was gassed to death in 1967. (Four others have been killed after withdrawing their legal appeals. Perhaps the best known is double-murderer Gary Gilmore, who was shot by a Utah firing squad in 1977. Gilmore's story was the subject of Norman Mailer's best-selling book *The Executioner's Song* and a subsequent TV movie of the same name.)

In the five-year period following Monge's death—when the states hesitated to execute condemned prisoners while death-penalty laws were being attacked in the federal courts—the population of the nation's Death Rows grew to 600.

Then, in 1972, the U.S. Supreme Court issued a landmark ruling on capital punishment in a case known as Furman v. Georgia. By a 5-4 vote the High Court declared that all existing capital-punishment laws were unconstitutional because they were being carried out in an unjust way. Some people, the Court said, were given the death penalty for the same type of crime committed by others who were given life imprisonment. The court decided this arbitrary, catch-as-catch-can way of carrying out the law amounted to "cruel and unusual punishment" forbidden by the Constitution's Eighth Amendment. All condemned prisoners had their sentences automatically commuted to life in prison.

Following the Furman decision, many states enacted new death-penalty statutes that made capital punishment mandatory for some offenses, such as murder by a life-term offender or killing a police officer. But the Supreme Court decided those laws weren't fair either. Citing the rigidity of such regulations—conviction meant death, and the only lesser penalty was outright acquittal—the Court struck down mandatory death-penalty statutes in 1976.

About the same time, however, the Court's ruling in Gregg v. Georgia approved a "bifurcated" death-penalty (continued on page 102)

Beaver Hustler Hustler

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Photo by James M. Mayger Crocheting and being a wife and mother keep this 25-year-old housewife from Amboy, Illinois, happy. Kim fantasizes about making love in the forest with her husband and another man. Levittown, Pennsylvania, is
home for "Shotgun," a
home for "whose favorite form
stripper," whose chasing the
of amusement is chasing the
amusement is her fantasy? To
mailman.
with him! Photo by Husband Photo by Husband Nude sunbathing is how D. H. from Hampton, Georgia, likes to spend her free time. This 33-year-old housewife dreams of getting up onstage and dancing nude for hundreds of people.

Photo by Joe An exotic dancer from Byhalia, Mississippi, 28-year-old Barbie Jenni likes drawing, exercising and macrame. To be featured as a centerfold in HUSTLER would



satisfy her fantasy.

Photo by James Bingham

Making it with another lady while her man watches would satisfy Candy McKenzie's fantasy. This 33-year-old housewife from Rutland, Vermont, enjoys fishing, partying and reading HUSTLER.



Photo by Husband









CONDEMNED TO DIE

(continued from page 96)

law. Bifurcated laws require two trials: The first one decides if the defendant is guilty; the second trial decides whether enough "aggravating circumstances" were involved in the crime to warrant the death penalty. This is the model on which most states have rewritten their laws to bring back capital punishment.

The state most recently to adopt this method was New Jersey, whose governor signed legislation last August permitting the death penalty for certain types of murder. "This is a terrible, serious step," Governor Thomas Kean said, "but it is necessary. People must know that if they take a life, they may have to forfeit theirs in return."

The Reverend Paul Stagg, general secretary of the New Jersey Council of Churches, sharply disagreed. "Our concern about capital punishment," he said, "is that it is morally revolting and denies the basic dignity of human life."

Few executions have occurred in recent years, mainly because Death Row prisoners are essentially given three chances to have their convictions reversed. First, an inmate can appeal his conviction in the state courts. Then, he may file a petition (called a "writ of habeas corpus") to have his case looked at in the state courts again. Last, he may be able to challenge his conviction in the federal courts.

The inmate can contest rulings against him on each of these appeals all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court. It's a process that can take as many as eight years.

But, as many condemned inmates exhaust their appeals under state laws and the Supreme Court overturns fewer cases than ever, the Death Row population is increasing nationally by 15 to 20 prisoners a month. It isn't hard to figure out why. In 1981, the last year for which complete statistics are available, the FBI reported 22,500 murders—or one every 23 minutes. That's an increase of more than 22% over the figure ten years ago.

The following examples of senseless killings are becoming all too typical:

-In Missouri an 18-year-old youth was sentenced to the gas chamber after stabbing to death the crippled woman who raised him.

-In Nevada a 53-year-old nurse was condemned to die for driving her car down a sidewalk, resulting in the deaths of six pedestrians.

-In Florida a man was sentenced to death for shooting three adults, stuffing their dead bodies into a car that contained two children and then setting it on fire. The children were burned alive.

Heinous crimes like these prompted two out of every three Americans to support the death penalty in a recent Gallup Poll. The citizens of Billings, Montana, seemed to reflect this national mood when they raised \$1,300 not long ago to build themselves a portable gallows. Reminiscent of the days of the Old West when outlaws like Tom Horn, Cherokee Bill and Black Jack Ketchum were routinely hanged, the gallows could be set up anywhere in the state to accommodate inmates awaiting execution on Montana's Death Row.

Whatever the reasons for the current wave of violent crime, many experts believe there is a historic link between the public's demand for tough penalties and economic hard times. The rate of execution peaked in this country, for example, during the height of the Great Depression.

"When times are tight, people think more about crime, and they start looking for easy answers," says Carol Palmer, a death-penalty expert for the NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund. "Inflation wears on middle-class minds with economic interests to protect. The motivation to enact the death penalty always rises with inflation."

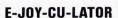
Few would disagree that society has the right to protect itself against brutal criminals. But when the "protection" itself is not only brutalizing but ineffective as well, society has an obligation to reconsider its remedy. Most supporters of capital punishment, for instance, believe the mere threat of the death penalty deters people from committing atrocious crimes. The facts show they're dead wrong.

In one study cited by the American Civil Liberties Union, those states with death-penalty laws experienced an average of 9.23 homicides per 100,000 population. But states without the penalty had an average murder rate of just 5.88. In that same study, the states with the two highest murder rates, Georgia and South Carolina, were both death-penalty states. The states with the lowest murder rates, North Dakota and Iowa, had no death penalty.

One reason the "deterrent" argument doesn't wash is that most murders are "acts of passion" between angry, frustrated people who know each otherfamily members, friends or acquaintances. "Those who commit murder tend to be [momentarily mixed-up] people who seem not to be deterred by the death penalty," says former New York City Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy, who now serves as president of the Police Foundation. "I don't think it is any kind of deterrent to robberies, bur-

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glaries, rapes, auto thefts and other serious crimes."

When the San Francisco Police Department reviewed 131 homicides, it was found that the two leading reasons for those murders were "trivial arguments" and sexual jealousy. In such enraged, spur-of-the-moment killings, the murderer doesn't stop to consider the punishment that might follow.

"Time after time I have asked men about to be executed, 'Before you killed, did you stop to think about the consequences?" the late Clinton P. Duffy wrote in his book 88 Men and Two Women. "Invariably the answer was no."

During his 12 years as warden of San Quentin prison, Duffy supervised 90 executions and witnessed 60 others. But up to the time of his death last October, he remained an outspoken opponent of capital punishment.

Duffy frequently recalled his experiences with two condemned men in particular. One was a former Los Angeles County deputy sheriff named Arthur R. Eggers, who had often accompanied prisoners being transferred from the L.A. jail to San Quentin. The deputy eventually murdered his wife and was given the death penalty.

"I went to Death Row on the third day after his arrival," Duffy remem-

bered, "and I said to this man, 'How come you didn't think of the death penalty? You've brought me men for years.' And he said, 'Look, I wanted to get rid of her. There was no other way in my mind except to kill her... and when I finished the job I realized right after that I had committed a wrong. I had not at one time thought of the death penalty prior to the commission of this act. I should have. There was another way out. I could have handled it differently. But I killed her—and I'm sorry—but it's too late now.'"

The other condemned man first met Duffy while serving time for theft. He was assigned to work as a laborer on the construction of the prison's lethal gas chamber. Each night when he returned to the yard, Duffy recalled, the man would give his fellow inmates an insider's description of the new "torture chamber."

"Invariably he would say, 'Fellas, this is as close as I ever want to get to the gas chamber,' "Duffy remembered. "He was in for about four years; then he got out. He'd been out maybe three and a half years when he killed two of his relatives and a friend. He came [back] to be executed. And I asked him what I asked the deputy sheriff. He gave me a similar answer, only in different words: 'When

the devil gets into you, you don't remember anything."

Almost always, those doomed to die are poor. In an eight-year survey of first-degree murder cases in California, it was found that 42% of blue-collar workers convicted of murder received the death sentence. But the figure for white-collar workers was just 5%. The survey concluded that "low-income status made it far more likely" that a defendant would draw the death penalty.

"The defendant of wealth and position never goes to the electric chair or the gallows," said Lewis Lawes, a warden at New York's Sing Sing Prison who oversaw the electrocution of 151 inmates. "Juries do not intentionally favor the rich... but the defendant with ample means is able to have his case presented with every favorable argument, while the poor defendant often has a lawyer assigned by the court.... Usually the lawyer assigned has no experience whatever in a capital case."

It's long been known that blacks have been sentenced to death disproportionately in comparison to whites. This has been particularly true in states where rape was a capital crime. Since 1930 nearly 90% of the 455 men executed for rape in America have been black.

But a 1978 survey by researchers at Northeastern University in Massachusetts showed that race is becoming a factor in capital cases in a new way. Covering the period from 1973 to 1977, that study found it's the race of the *victim* that helps to determine who gets the death penalty.

In the state of Florida, for instance, 72 white men on the state's Death Row had killed other whites. But not one of the 111 whites who had killed blacks received a death sentence. A felon was ten times more likely to receive the death penalty if he had killed a white person than if he'd killed a black person.

In an article in the Louisiana State Penitentiary's award-winning newsmagazine, the Angolite, editors Wilbert Rideau and Billy Sinclair quote an outspoken Southern sheriff on the subject: "If a nigger kills a white man, that's murder," he said. "If a white man kills a nigger, that's justifiable homicide. If a nigger kills another nigger, that's one less nigger."

The taking of anyone's life, of course, is tragically final. And, unfortunately, our criminal-justice system makes mistakes. In 1963, for example, two young men who'd been sentenced to die for murder were released from Florida's Death Row when a third man confessed to the crime. In California a judge set one prisoner free who'd spent eight (continued on page 130)



104

Flying scares me shitless. Last month my boss ordered me to take the red-eye flight from New York to Los Angeles for a big business deal. I tried to get him to extend the trip so that I could take a train, a bus or even hitchhike there-anything. No dice. I packed my things and headed to the airport, immediately hitting the bar for a couple of bracers. My boss'd bought a first-class seat for me, but I asked for the coach section instead. (I read somewhere that you might be able to walk away from a crash if you sat in the back. Probably bullshit, but you never know.) And I didn't look forward to the red-eye, sailing through the air in the dead of night. Seeing the ground from two miles up is bad enough; not seeing any-

The plane turned out to be pretty empty, and the stewardess asked me if I'd care to sit up in first class, since there were extra seats. I said no, but I didn't tell her one of those extra seats had been mine. I asked for a drink, but she said I'd have to wait until we got off the ground. Shit. Most of the two dozen or so passengers looked pretty sleepy. It was, after all, just past midnight. The majority of them looked like business people doing the same thing I was. There was one difference: They didn't look terrified. The stewardess gave her little death talk-the one about

thing is worse.

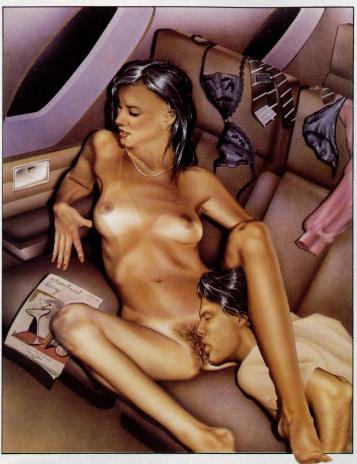
wanted a parachute. And a drink.

After that we taxied and took off. With the city lights visible through the windows on one side and nothing but black sky through those on the other, it looked and felt like we were flying sideways. I waited impatiently for the drink trolley to come around, then ordered two scotches.

Right across the aisle from me was a big-titted girl with long black hair, reading one of those in-flight magazines and sipping a screwdriver from one of those little plastic cups. She turned, saw me looking and smiled. I smiled back, of

I got up to take a leak. When I came

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MILE HIGH CLUB": SEX IN THE SKY

by Danny Boyce

escape hatches and oxygen masks. I back up the aisle, the plane hit an air pocket and shook. I lost my balance near the girl's seat and had to steady myself on her shoulder. I apologized, but she said it was quite all right and asked me to join her. With a grin, I flopped into the seat beside her.

> Her name was Amy. I signaled for two more drinks, and we talked. I let it slip pretty quickly that there were several things I'd rather do than fly, and Amy started to spout off a list of statistics, explaining how safe flying was compared to other means of travel. Even though I was slightly looped, it didn't take a genius to realize that she was telling me all this stuff to reassure herself, that she was more scared of flying than I was. I said

that, and she got royally steamed quickly. She said I was projecting my fears on her or some damned thing and turned away.

Just then the plane lurched again, making a really sharp bank. She looked at me, white-faced, and grabbed my arm. I was scared too, but I hoped I didn't look as bad as she did. Then the plane tilted the other way. She put her arms around me and held on tight. I could feel her shaking and could smell her perfume-Chloe, it was. My nose brushed through her hair, which smelled so good, it took my mind off things. Glancing down, I could see a hint of breast inside her blouse, which was unbuttoned down to about midchest; she wore a black bra. And on the collar of her white cotton jacket I saw a funny little pin. I recognized the image from an old poster I'd seen: two ducks fucking in midair with the caption "Fly United."

She slipped her shoes off and began easing her stocking-clad toes up and down my leg. I heard her murmur "M-m-m," and her hand found mine, tickling my palm with her fingernails. That pit in my stomach eased up a little, and I concentrated instead on the tingling in my balls. Unless I read things very wrong, I'd just gotten an invitation. So I took the cue and cupped her full breast, turning and

squeezing softly. She looked at me and closed her eyes, and I kissed her. Her mouth opened farther, and her warm tongue shot into my mouth, swirling around urgently. Fluidly, she pulled my hand up her leg and under her dress. She spread her thighs for me. I could feel the warmth of her pussy, but the crotch of her pantyhose kept me from touching. She pulled away from me, sliding her tight hose down to her ankles and then off her shoeless feet.

Before I could speak, she had her mouth on mine and her hand in my lap, stroking my growing cock through my pants. With her free hand Amy switched off the overhead light and raised the armrest upward, flush against the seat backs. She pressed closer to me. I figured we'd be caught, but the boner in my pants told me not to worry.

I slid my fingers into her moist patch of pubic curls, feeling the warmth and wetness there. A little pressure from my finger on her clit had Amy shuddering.

"I want you to eat me," she whispered, turning around and raising the other armrest. That gave us three seatlengths to play in, and she stretched backward, her head near the window.

Her pussy looked delicious, and I knelt in between our seats and the ones ahead, burying my face between her spread thighs. Her hairy pussy lips felt hot against my mouth. I nibbled, licked and sucked all of it, rimming her cunt hole with my tongue. Nervously, I stuck my head up and scanned the compartment. Few things shock me, but I was absolutely floored. There were at least four or five other couples doing exactly what we were doing. On the other side of the plane opposite us, two big lumps under a blanket were doing something I couldn't figure. In the middle section I heard very quiet moans in a female voice—and they weren't moans of pain, I'll tell you that. And one middle-aged guy was heading for the tiny men's bathroom with a tall blonde on his arm. This plane was a flying orgy!

The jet banked again, throwing me

toward the curved wall, but I stuck my arms out and braced, with my crotch right over Amy's head. Swiftly, she pulled down my fly, my pants and my shorts. My cock sprang to attention, and Amy shifted, wrapping her mouth around it, sucking thirstily, pumping my rod with her hand, until I was ready to cream into her throat. Abruptly, she stopped and pulled her head away. She shook her head and smiled; I knew what she meant. Kneeling on the seat, I lifted her legs high into the air, pushing her thighs back against her chest, and bared that black-haired snatch. It looked great, with the two pink cheeks of her ass on either side and that liquid slit in the middle. My cock sought out her hole and slid in slowly. Maybe it was the altitude or the cabin pressure or something, but as wet as Amy was, she was still very tight, almost virginal.

She pushed her hips toward me, driving me in all the way, then pulled, milking my cock sensuously. Her head turned and twisted against the armrest by the window; her mouth was open, her tongue licking her lips. Still with her thighs awkwardly up against her body, she reached between her legs to her chest and undid her bra, letting her full, round tits burst free. With the air from the blowers, her nipples erected instantly.

Continuing to jackhammer into her

cunt, I spread her legs and leaned forward, taking one full nipple into my mouth and sucking hard. I bit at the thick nipple over and over, making Amy moan again, deeply. Her hands laced behind my head and pulled me closer into her breast, rolling my head into the soft flesh, while her hips did a similar roll against mine.

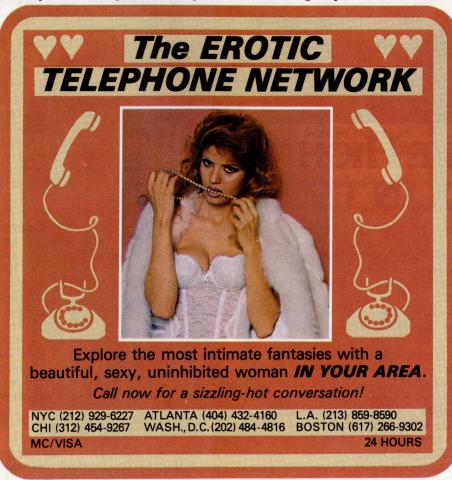
I attacked the other breast with my mouth, curling circles around its roundness with my tongue, sucking the entire brownish nipple into my mouth. Amy's breathing became doglike panting, and she doubled the speed of our fucking.

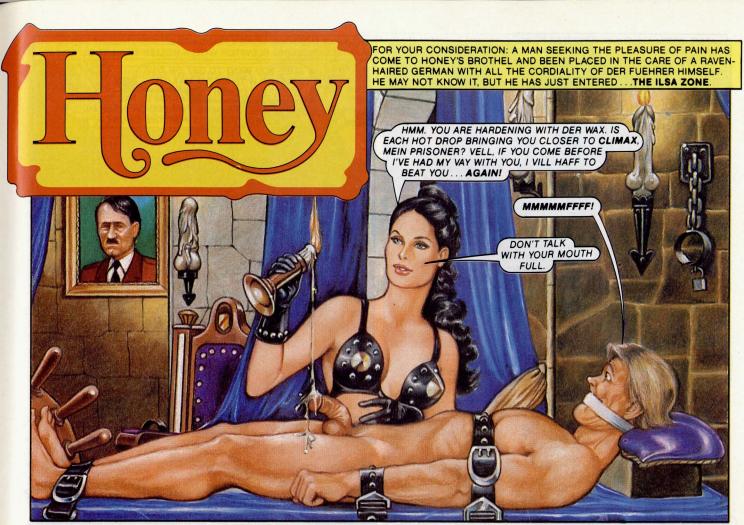
Suddenly, she shook her head and pulled my prick out of her twat, squirming around so she faced out the windows on her hands and knees. I slid into her again from the rear, enjoying the wobble of her ass as I rammed home. Like a shot her entire body bucked backward into me, and she stifled a scream of ecstasy. Feeling her cunt muscles contract in waves around my cock, I shot off hard, spraying her insides with half a dozen spurts of cum.

Amy sighed happily and moved around in the seat, sitting upright and pulling her dress demurely down. I sat next to her after pulling up my pants, but before I could get zipped up, Amy wrapped her lips around my shrinking cock once more and gave it a long warm kiss, licking the final drops of cum from the tiny hole. Then she straightened up and punched the "call" button for the stewardess. I'd just barely gotten my pants zipped and belted when the stewardess came to take our drink orders.

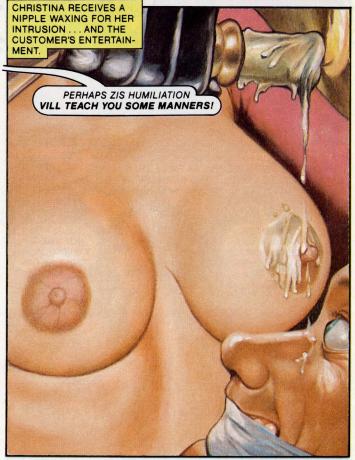
There was still fucking going on in various dark parts of the airplane while Amy explained the whole situation to me. Flying did scare the hell out of her, until she figured out a way to get her mind off it—by fucking. And she explained that her "Fly United" pin was her way of letting others know that she was a member of the "Mile High Club," people who've screwed in the air while going 500 miles per hour. Needless to say, Amy and I spent the rest of the flight together, in more ways than one.

The last time I saw Amy, she was catching a connecting flight in L.A. I was glad to be back on the ground again, but for the first time, I hadn't minded being in a plane. The first thing I did was head to the gift shop and hunt down one of those "Fly United" pins. That seemed like a good investment for the return flight. What Amy told me was true: Sex is a great way to relieve airplane nerves. I proved that again on the flight back to New York, and I look forward to more red-eye trips. I still have my "fear of flying," but I sure don't have any fear of fucking.

















SUDDENLY, THE ELEVATOR STOPS, AND AN ALARM DROWNS OUT























This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to keep the marketplace clean, please write HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Besides to us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

VIDEO BUYERS BEWARE...AGAIN

Some folks will stop at nothing to take your money. A shady mail-order business that's been masquerading under either the name *U.F.A.*, Sanstape or PC Video now apparently has a new banner: White Horse Video. If you receive mail from any of these companies promising "ten video features for \$99," be very skeptical.

We first came across this operation late last year. In our December 1982 item "Video Buyers Beware" we noted that U.F.A./Sanstape was making the impossible offer mentioned above. Then a few months later in our April column we alerted you that these companies were using the name PC Video, working out of a different address (P.O. Box 691, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113). Now there's White Horse Video, a "new" business out of a suspiciously similar address (P.O. Box 671, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113) distributing mail-order brochures that look a lot like those of U.F.A./Sanstape and, above all, offering the same ten-for-\$99 videotape "deal."

Odds are that these companies are four and the same—but even if they're not, you're not going to get ten feature adult tapes for \$99 from anybody. We've said it before, and we'll say it again: Beware of any mail-order deal that sounds too good to be true—it usually is!

NEW RAFFAELLI

I'm a great fan of erotic photographer Ron Raffaelli. Has this talented artist put out anything new in the past year? —0. P.

Newtown, Connecticut

The fine photographer known for his soft-focus images and superb use of color and lighting has just published some of his hottest work in a new collection titled *Temptations*. The 200-plus-page book is loaded with hard-core erotic shots of some of the most beautiful women in the world being rubbed, sucked and penetrated by gentlemen and ladies alike. The book is available for \$19.95 from *Diverse Industries Inc.*, 7651 Haskell Ave., Van Nuys, CA 91406.

In addition, Diverse is offering three new 8mm and Super 8 reels by Raffaelli. "The Love Letter,"
"Special Touches" and "Fantasy Sonnet" each feature the delicate touch and graceful camera movement that has made Raffaelli so respected in a field in which creativity usually falls by the wayside. The three films are available for \$19.95 each, or all three combined on one VHS or BETA videotape for \$49.95. There is a discount if you order the book as well as the films or the tape at the same time. For more information contact Diverse toll-free at (800) 423-5624. Please include \$3 postage and handling per order and 6½% sales tax if ordering inside California. Oh, yes, all Diverse products are money-back guaranteed. Amen to that!

STRESSING THE POINT

Last month we told you Video Wholesale Distributors (P.O. Box 7990, Van Nuys, CA 91409), a company supposedly offering feature-length adult videotapes for "as low as \$33 each in quantity," was really distributing edited preview tapes. We've recently discovered that a company known as National Warehouse Sales (P.O. Box 5342, North Hollywood, CA 91616) is the same operation.

National is flooding the mail with attractive full-color brochures

promising all kinds of delightfully stimulating hard-core sex goodies. One of its ads looks exactly like the Video Wholesale ad (see page 127 of the May 1983 HUSTLER). This time, however, it is promising videocassettes for "as low as \$16.50 each in quantity." Don't be fooled. Video and National are one and the same—a cheap-shot outfit that advertises far more than it delivers.

We again stress the point: Please be careful when ordering anything by mail. The mail-order jungle is full of weasels.

THE GREEK WAY

My wife and I love to watch films of men butt-fucking women. It's also one of our favorite sex acts. We'd like to purchase some videotapes featuring Greek-style lovemaking. Can you help us?

—R. E.

San Rafael, California

Anal-sex appreciators will get an assful of visual excitement from a new line of tapes called *Bottoms Up!* The three-series collection includes the anal antics of such bentover lovelies as Crystal Dawn, who takes it from a well-endowed stud in Series #1, and a lusty lass named Phaedra, who accommodates porn star John Holmes's massive tool in Series #2.

The Bottoms Up! titles are available from Adult Video Corporation (AVC) at P.O. Box 8325, Van Nuys, CA 91409, for \$49.95 each, plus \$5 shipping and handling per order. You can also call AVC toll-free at (800) 423-5599.

CLEARED UP

In June we mentioned that 21st Century Products, manufacturers of John Holmes cock enlargers, was having problems filling orders for the pump. We're happy to report that 21st is now loaded with enlargers and filling its orders promptly and efficiently once again. According to a spokesman for 21st, "All problems are cleared up, and we're waiting for more orders." For further information contact the J. H. Products Division of 21st at P.O. Box 1047, Scarsdale, NY 10583.

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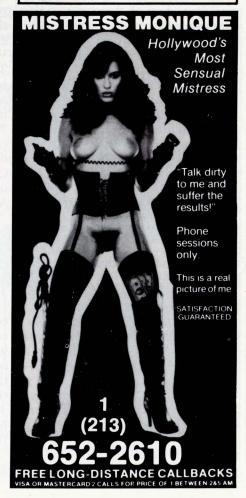
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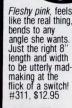
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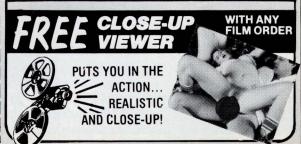
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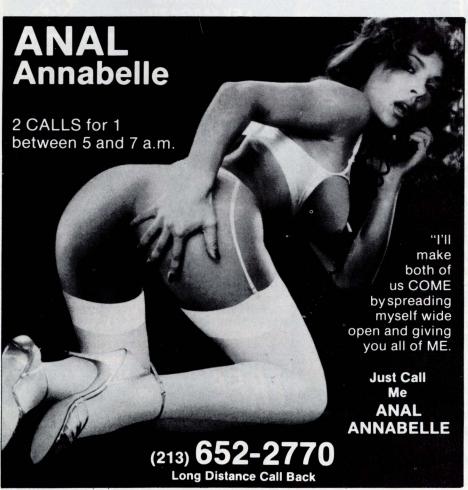


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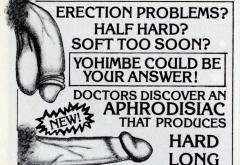












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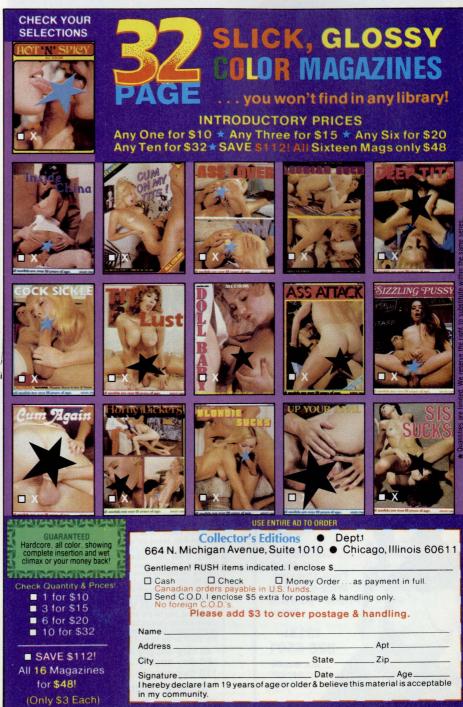
















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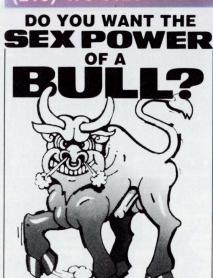


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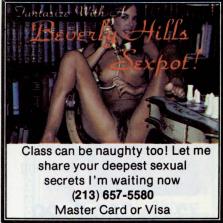






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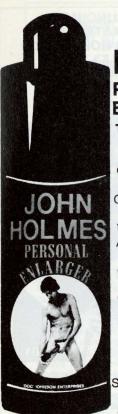
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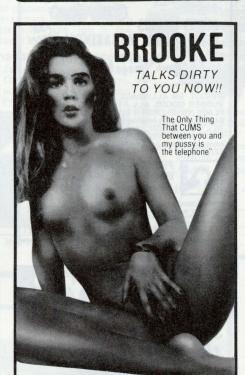


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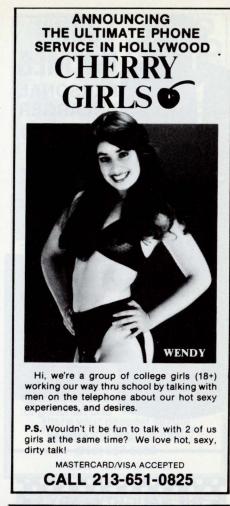
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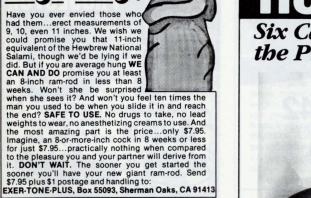
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THE PIT

(continued from page 94)

The shooting made all the morning papers. COP SLAIN IN CHINATOWN OPIUM DEN, the headlines screamed. The chief fended off the press with promises of a full investigation, but the news boys—left with little real information—speculated that Muscowitz had stumbled onto an illegal gambling operation when he was killed.

The murder weapon had not been found. A coroner's report indicated that Muscowitz had stopped two rounds from a .45 and a single shot from a .22, fired as a coup de grace into his temple.

Ryan put down his newspaper. With a gesture he told the two Asian women to wait in the car. Li and Teng, the girl he'd rescued the night before, struck him as not belonging to any part of his world. For all they'd been through, there still was an innocence about them, some crazy promise of hope in their brown almond eyes. Ryan left the car and stepped into a phone booth on Van Ness, dialing his favorite snitch.

"Freddie?" he said, after the connection was made. "There's a C-note in it if you get me in touch with Daguette. Yeah, I know he's supposed to be dead, but I heard you got a special on ghosts this week. Tell him a brother officer with the same taste in women is looking for him."

Almost an hour passed before the pay phone rang. "Hello, Daguette," Ryan said first.

"Who is this?" the ex-cop replied cautiously.

"My name's Dek Ryan. I was Muscowitz's partner."

"It's been a week. I was wondering when you'd call."

"I'll bet. I've got your gun. You used to carry a .45 when you worked vice, didn't you? The newspapers say the coroner recovered three slugs; Forensics shouldn't have any trouble proving two of them came from your piece. The third came from one of your slope friends, but we both know which gun did the killing."

"You're going to look damn stupid trying to prove that a dead man dumped your partner."

"I've got a dead man's fingerprints on his gun and that dead man's voice on tape," Ryan said. "Amazing what a body wire picks up. Your goons got the mike, but I had the recorder on me. Muscowitz got the whole thing before you finally ID'd him. He called you by name, and then you shot him—twice. It's all on tape. They'll have a field day with it in court. Want to hear more?"

Daguette said nothing. Ryan went on

anyway. "I've got an eyewitness. She may not speak the best English, but with a Malaysian interpreter I bet she could tell a jury all about you. How you were fronting an international slaving ring; how you were paying off certain cops—maybe even a division commander—to keep things quiet; and how you dusted an honest cop to keep him from giving the whole thing up. How am I doing?"

"What do you want?" the rogue cop asked.

"My freedom, my life. You could find a goon who would be happy to punch my ticket for \$25 and give you change. I'm going to leave this city, and I am going to live." He looked at the two women waiting patiently for him in the car. "And I want a few concessions."

"What kind of concessions?" Daguette asked warily.

"Not so much. I want a \$300,000 trust fund established in the name of Mrs. Cy Muscowitz, to be dispensed by her lawyer as she needs it. I also want \$200,000 deposited in the Banco Nacional, Calle de Costa Rica, in Costa Rica. Make the deposit in the name of Frederick Hamilton. Don't try to trace the name to me; it's bogus. You're not the only one who can disappear when he has to. If you fuck around, then the tape, the gun and the girl's name go to people in high places. Honest ones. I've got a good lawyer. If anything happens to me, he'll know what to do. Got it?"

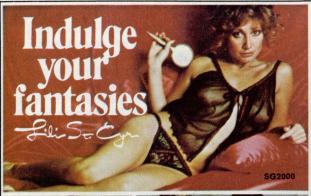
That was it. The ball was in Daguette's court.

"You got it," the slaver said. He hung up, and Ryan relaxed for the first time in a week. He still had a lot to do: international driver's license, a new passport and a trip to a mailing house in Berkeley that received mail and forwarded it anywhere in the world, no questions asked. He would need the same set of IDs for the girls

He thought about it again, about the city he had fallen in love with that had grown old and ugly like a used-up whore. He thought about his job and the ideals he'd had when he first put on a badge. He thought about the slave ring, and how it would probably continue on its stinking way, in this city or another one, with or without some sort of secret help from corruptible police.

He looked up and walked back to the car. Li and Teng sat inside, watching him with hope in their eyes. He kissed them both. They blushed and said something he couldn't understand. Li put her tiny hand on his, and so did Teng.

He stuck the key in the ignition and started the car. As he pulled away from the corner phone booth, Ryan wondered what the weather would be like in Costa Rica.

























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(continued from page 104)

years in prison for a killing he didn't commit. In Boston just last August, an inmate who'd served 13 years for murder was released after authorities admitted they'd arrested the wrong man.

During the last 100 years, at least 77 wrongful convictions for criminal homicide have been documented. Eight of those innocent people were executed. Even with modern-day legal safeguards, it could happen again.

In many cases, the men who do wind up on Death Row (and 98.77% are male) share backgrounds marked by broken homes, poor education and few job skills. "When it's all over and you've got the handcuffs on them and they're under control, it turns out most of them have had horrible lives," Patrick Murphy says. "They were brutalized as children, their old man was an alcoholic, their mother a prostitute. You try to find out how such a psycho could have put a bullet into that old woman's head, and you find it's because the kid doesn't respect life. He never got much respect for his own life from others."

Elements of that pattern emerged during recent conversations with three condemned inmates at San Quentin. "My mother had to abandon me for some reason when I was about two," Lawrence Bittaker recalled. "My brother and I were raised by adoptive parents in Ohio, Florida, Arizona and California."

A solidly built, fierce-looking man with three-days' growth of beard and long, slicked-back hair, Bittaker was sentenced to death for the rapes and torture murders of five Los Angeles-area teenage girls in 1979 and 1980. During his trial, one newspaper reported, jurors were told the victims were "forced to commit sexual acts, were mutilated with pliers, beaten with a sledgehammer and jabbed with an ice pick. Prosecutors also played a 17-minute tape recording of one of the victims screaming and begging for mercy as Bittaker and his partner raped and beat her."

His wrists manacled now, his swivel chair twisting from side to side in the parole-board conference room, Bittaker seemed wound tight, his emotions barely under control.

"There was a great lack of communication between my adoptive parents and me," he continued. "For all practical purposes, I was more or less the equivalent of the family dog. I was just there....

"There was nobody to guide me, nobody to help me, nobody to be a real parent—either loving or nonloving. I developed a fixation with *things* to take

the place of the personal relationship that wasn't there. To get the things, I would either buy them or steal them....

A solidly built, fierce-looking man the three-days' growth of beard and to be a loving, kind, friendly pet. It's not, slicked-back hair, Bittaker was going to be a wild animal."

In and out of trouble with the law since the age of 11, Bittaker was first sent to San Quentin in 1960 on a "joyriding and burglary" rap. He claimed he'd resorted to stealing in order to feed his girlfriend and her four children. "I said, 'Okay, I did wrong, I'm willing to pay for it.' Pleaded guilty. At least I could learn a trade, I thought, get some therapy or whatever I could make use of in [prison]. But I couldn't get the trade I wanted, couldn't get any therapy. Nobody gave a damn.... Came out two and half years later no better off than when I went in."

A similar background was described by Robert Massie, one of the condemned inmates actively requesting to go to the gas chamber. "I was put into juvenile detention homes and reformatories from the age of eight," the pale, blunt-spoken prisoner explained. "A lot of children during those days were put in those places simply because they didn't have no other place to put 'em. My mother was 15 or 16 when she had me; she had to go and make a living. Back in the 1940s, you didn't go out and make a living and keep a child too. You couldn't. I had no say-so about anything . . . didn't know what the hell was going on."

Condemned to the gas chamber when he was 25 for killing a woman during a hold-up attempt, Massie spent seven years on Death Row (from 1965 to 1972) until a California Supreme Court ruling commuted his sentence to life imprisonment with possibility of parole. He was paroled in May 1978, only to find himself in trouble again eight months later.

According to court records, Massie was trying to rob a San Francisco liquor store when he shot the owner three times in the chest with a .38-caliber automatic pistol. The man died in a pool of blood on the floor in front of the counter. Massie was eventually apprehended and returned to the condemned unit at San Quentin.

During his initial confinement on Death Row, he was given four dates on which to die. Each time he compiled a list of the items he wanted for the traditional last meal—"fried chicken, eggnog, Camel cigarettes." Each date was blocked by judicial or executive action—over Massie's strenuous objection.

Back on Death Row for the second time—and still determined to die—





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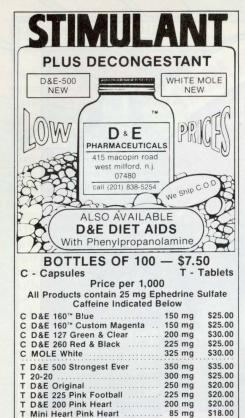
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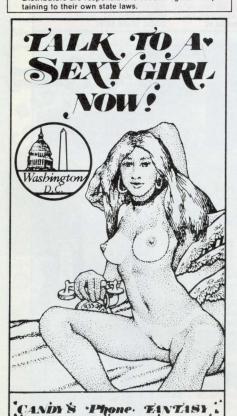
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Massie has filed a legal petition challenging the constitutionality of California's automatic, unwaivable appeal in capital crimes. He contends this is causing him to "suffer numerous years of imprisonment and psychological torture," amounting to "cruel and unusual punishment" in violation of the Eighth Amendment.

If the appeal rule is found unconstitutional, Massie asserts, the legal effect will be a kind of Catch-22, throwing California's capital-punishment process into disarray. Under the current state law, no inmate can be put to death until the state supreme court hears and determines his automatic appeal. But if that clause is struck down, Massie believes the state's death law will have to be completely rewritten-and might then be blocked by a higher court.

"I just don't figure I have a chance anymore," Massie said, puffing pensively on a hand-rolled cigarette. "Either they'll let me go, or they'll send me to the gas chamber. I don't care about the in-betweens.

"But at the same time, I'm not prodeath penalty; I'm against it. And I'm trying to upset their system as much as I possibly can. If I could get guys to attack the automatic-appeal law together, hey, we'd give them something to think about. I believe that before the courts would condone mass suicide, they would abolish capital punishment."

Another inmate contesting the automatic-appeal law is Jerry Bigelow, an intelligent-sounding Canadian with the scrubbed looks of an Eagle Scout. Convicted of murdering a man in a robbery attempt, he was sentenced to death in May 1981.

At one point during the interview with HUSTLER, Bigelow began to recite a number of his complaints. Condemned men in the adjustment center have had their movements restricted in violation of a court order, he said. They're allowed neither prescribed medication nor competent psychiatric care. Guards with "shitty attitudes" are said to harass inmates by withholding portions of food.

"Many hard-working, law-abiding citizens would say, 'So what?'" his interviewer interrupted. "After all-you're convicted murderers!"

Bigelow nodded. "Okay. But we're not all guilty.... Even the courts are not so perfect that they're not going to make a mistake. Besides, just because we're in prison, does that mean we have to be treated like animals? We still react the same as other human beings. I don't think the public really knows some of the sorrows and griefs in here. And none of the public is perfect. What's the old

saying, 'They can't throw stones at the harlot in the pit'? I'm sure if they were in here, they'd be complaining too."

If conditions on Death Row are so dehumanizing that some men would prefer death, and if capital punishment itself is inhumane and ineffective at deterring crime, what can society do to prevent callous murderers from murdering again? Perhaps the best way is to lock them up and throw away the key, to sentence them to "life without possibility of parole." But it might make better sense to identify and ease the conditions that breed violent crime.

Some experts-including Patrick Murphy of the Police Foundation-call for control of handguns, contending their easy availability lies at the heart of the problem. Others believe prisons must be dramatically reformed to provide inmates with work and study programs that will help them adapt to society and survive lawfully once they're released.

There's also a need to rethink the justice system's approach to "juvenile halls," where many youngsters are sent for violating curfew and truancy laws. Once incarcerated there, it's easy for them to learn the basics of felony crime.

It's also important to recognize that poverty and discrimination can lead to criminal behavior. A man who can't pay the rent or find a job is more apt to commit armed robbery than one who's steadily employed. The lifelong victim of racial abuse is more likely to retaliate violently against those who have abused him.

One obvious avenue of social reform is offered by Ronald Davis, an inmate at Green Haven Prison in Stormville, New York. "There must be a wiping out of economic and political disadvantages of being black, Puerto Rican, Indian or Mexican-American," he says. "Measures must be taken to bring minorities into the mainstream of American life. This could be accomplished by providing equal education and job opportunities, and other programs designed to erase the borders of ghettos-be they physical or mental."

No one in his right mind would suggest feeling sympathy for a prisoner on Death Row. But killing him for his crime will do little more than pile a second corpse on top of the first. Before the imminent state-sanctioned murder wave begins, we owe it to ourselves to explore a more moral solution.

"Someday California lawmakers will abolish the death penalty and so will legislators of other capital-punishment states," Warden Duffy once said. "When that happens, gas chambers, electric

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chairs, firing squads and the gallows will land in the scrap heap with the screw and the rack - and we will all be the better for it."

A chilling example of the death penalty's ugliness occurred last April 22 in Alabama, when it took not one but three jolts of high-voltage electricity to end the life of 33-year-old John Louis Evans III.

Condemned to die for the 1977 robbery-murder of a Mobile pawnbroker, Evans had admitted the killing and initially demanded the death penalty. But when he was granted a stay of execution in 1979, he called it an "act of God" and began a four-year effort to overturn the sentence.

In a gruesome scene televised by closed circuit to some 30 reporters. Evans was ushered into the Death Chamber at Holman Prison less than two hours after the U.S. Supreme Court rejected his last appeal. Dressed in a white cotton uniform, he seemed calm as he was strapped tightly into the wooden electric chair that prisoners have nicknamed "Yellow Mama."

"I have no malice toward anyone," Evans said in his final statement. "I have no hatred toward anyone."

A metal cap filled with electrodes was placed over his shaved head, and a black mask was pulled down over his face. The first 1,900-volt surge of electricity hit the doomed man at 8:30 p.m., lasting for 30 seconds. His body tensed, and the strap securing his left leg snapped free. Evans was still alive.

After he was hit with a second 30second charge moments later, flames leaped out from beneath the mask, and a puff of smoke rose from the area of his left temple. Still more smoke curled up from his left calf. But incredibly enough, Evans was still alive.

At 8:33 his lawyer, Russell Canan, pleaded with the state prison commissioner to request clemency from Alabama Governor George Wallace, on the grounds that the electrocution had turned into "cruel and unusual punishment." The appeal was conveyed by telephone, but Wallace failed to intervene. A third 30-second burst of electricity was administered at 8:40. Four minutes later, Evans was pronounced dead.

"The state of Alabama burned my client alive," Canan said afterward. He described the execution as a "barbaric ritual," adding bitterly that Evans had been "tortured in the name of vengeance and the disguise of justice."

Mrs. Betty Evans Dickson, mother of the deceased, had the final word. "I was proud of him," she said. "He left this life as a true Christian."

INTERVIEW: TIM O'HARA

(continued from page 48)

up and not be interested in having sex with people younger than themselves. We're not advocating child-adult or child-parent sex. What we're advocating is changing the laws so we start over again from ground zero, so we can get some knowledge that will enable children to stay in their own peer group to have sex-and not go to adults. We would be very happy to have incest remain illegal, if we could get other laws changed so that children could have sex with anybody who is not a member of the family. What I really feel terrible about is parents who are faced with so many taboos that they can't encourage their children to masturbate or to have sex with somebody their own age.

HUSTLER: Let's take a moment to review the chief principles that guide the Rene Guyon Society, and especially yourself: Vaginal penetration of children at age four is okay; so is anal penetration. Kids orally copulating adults is okay. There's nothing wrong with adults masturbating kids of either sex. Be honest, Mr. O'Hara. Are you a pervert?

O'HARA: No, I've never heard anyone suggesting that.

HUSTLER: Then we'd like to be the first to make the suggestion.

SEX PLAY

(continued from page 32)

At this point, your entire body is flooded with the warmth of desire . . . and, of course, love. "All of this together causes the excitement of human sexual response," says Goldstein. "What's interesting is that it involves love too; love has to have some of the same [physiological] factors, like the limbic system involvement, pituitary stimulation and the rest."

What Goldstein and other scientists are saying is this: Although love is a philosophical, psychological, emotional feeling that can't be measured, it does have a physiological cause-and that cause is rooted in the same system that gives rise to lust. And even though our feeling of love is very different from the simple biological urge of lust, it cannot exist without the same system.

That's probably why, when you finally get up to leave with this blond goddess, you feel like you're drugged. Dopamine is clogging up your brain circuits, endorphins are swirling through your head, antidepressants are dripping into your bloodstream, your heart's racing and testosterone's raging in you like a wild stallion. And here you thought love was Cupid arrows and violins . . .



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everybody's problem.

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September issue on sale July 28, 1983



HITLER'S SEX LIFE-With all the false information about him making news these days, we get at the truth. As bombs fell and bodies burned in ovens, the crazed Nazi was taking enemas and engaging in incest. Ben Pesta's profile reveals the bizarre sexual practices of Adolf Hitler and explains how they fueled his desire to dominate the human race.

LOAN SHARKS-It could happen to you: You're in desperate need of cash, and there's nowhere to turn but to the street's moneylenders. But you didn't bargain for having your neck broken or your face smashed when you couldn't repay the debt and staggering interest. Robert McGarvey tells the facts about loan sharks and how making a withdrawal could be the same as signing your epitaph.

SEX AND WITCHCRAFT-You may not burn penis-shaped candles or paint your forehead with menstrual blood, but there are people in this country who do. Steve Calvert's Sex Play looks at the bizarre world of witches, and how some people combine witchcraft and sex.

SINNING PRIEST-What happens when a man of the cloth is tempted by "sins" of the flesh? In September's fiction, J. Bradford Olesker spins an explosive tale of a young priest and the beautiful woman who falls in love with him.

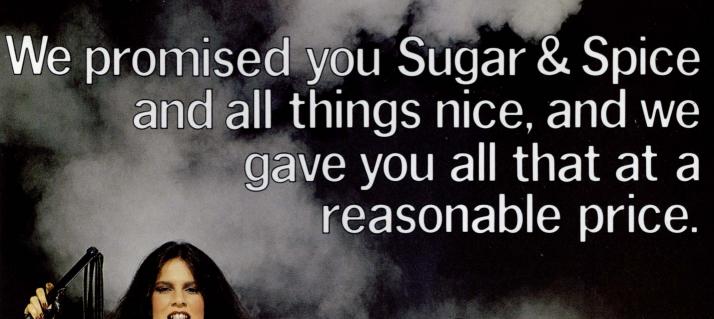
SIZZLING PICTORIALS - There's something special about our September

girls. Stunning SOPHIE beckons you with a PASSIVE PAS-SION all her own. Then, OUT OF THE BLUE comes SABRI-NA, who'll taunt you with her tan lines and golden hair. For the primal-minded, our luscious centerfold, NIKKI, raises your JUNGLE FEVER to the boiling point. And finally, there's relief waiting in a cool hospital room where a beautiful patient and her partner engage you in some PHYSICAL THERAPY.

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